

# ZION'S HERALD

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UNDERNEATH AND ROUND ABOUT, are the blessed arms of God, when the believing soul trusts its all in Him. Cushions of down are rocks to such a couch. The air-beds that yield to the form, and fit it as with a garment, are beds of thorns to the fitness of this divine embrace. It exactly conforms to our weakness. That sore spot in your soul, it does not irritate but soothe. To that fierce temptation the Everlasting Arm is an everlasting shield. That despair is illuminated with a smile of God; that fear is abolished in His calm courage. Sink into these Arms Divine. Do not hesitate to try them to your uttermost; you will never make them feel a sensible burden, even if your all is crowded upon them. They will shelter, protect, strengthen, rejoice.

Trust them. How few fully confide in the arms of God. How few make Him wholly and constantly their support. They seek to put underneath and round about them wealth, fame, family, health. They are solicitous for these earthly goods. They are scared if these gifts fail. They turn from poverty, sickness, age, as if they were enemies against whom they have no protection. They have no Everlasting Arms underneath and round about them.

How different the complete believer. There is no lack to them that fear Him. Even the young lions do lack and suffer hunger, but they that trust in the Lord shall not want any good thing. These storms of poverty, and disease, and shame, prove flowers to their rejoicing spirits. Trust in the Lord, ye righteous. Trust Him all ye people.

**MAJOR JONES AND THE STATE POLICE TRIUMPHANT.**—The dirtiest assault ever gotten up against a decent man, has been waged for several weeks, and even months, against the State Police. Rev. Mr. Lovejoy, honored by his brother, the martyr, and the Illinois Congressman, but not by his own conduct and career, has "raked hell" in his search after testimony to ruin Major Jones and the State Police. No such villainous creatures ever crawled up the State House steps as he has brought there, men who avowed the worst crimes, who talked about their abandoned courses and associates, as Lorne might boast of his royal alliance; men just from jail and still under sentence, were called to testify against this force. They found some men who have probably received bribes, but against the Chief, and most of his force, they brought nothing. The vile stuff they poured forth is like their own rot-gut whiskey, only deadly to themselves and their patrons. The committee, a majority of whom are opposed to Prohibition, introduced a bill which is an improvement on the present, creating three Police Commissioners, with power to appoint a Chief and a hundred deputies, all of whom shall be under the control of the Executive. The State Police and its Chief have come out of the fire unharmed, while those who cast them there, are themselves cast into the flames of universal censure and contempt. The two arms of the Prohibitory legislation are thus made strong by legislatures and courts, the legal right to prohibit, and the employment of State force to carry out Prohibition. Maine and New Hampshire must have such a Police before they have completely subdued the rum power.

*The Jewish Chronicle* bewails the changes going on among its people, indifference to their worship, the Bible, their doctrines. It is a sign that this people are breaking up, and all its cries are only forerunners of the Messiah whom they will yet acknowledge with wailings and with joy. It says:—

"We have no hesitation in asserting that, unless our people 'set their houses in order,' unless they look to the Bible to be their guide, and determine to follow its teachings, the religion which they imagine they maintain will hardly support them. We are as desirous for improvement as its most enthusiastic advocates, but

when experience teaches us that what has hitherto been accomplished, has, to a certain extent, unsettled men's minds, without improving their religious condition, we pause to inquire what can be done to prevent the destruction of all we hold dear; and the conclusion at which we arrive is, that the Jewish community of all shades of opinion must think deeply on the subject, and determine to permit no further encroachments on the sacred and inviolable. The fences erected by prudence have already been destroyed; let every effort be made to spare the palace."

"Lord, save, or we perish!" the cry of an ancient Jew, must yet be that of *The Jewish Chronicle*. May it and its orthodox brethren accept this only Saviour and salvation for their race, their book, their history. Do not die, but be translated.

**THE TABLES TURNED.**—A Southern planter went to Brazil, got in debt, and his family, according to the laws of that country, were sold. Two of his daughters are now slaves there. Probably several of his daughters were slaves here, and sold as such by him when he was a Southern grandee. They are raising \$1,200 in Nashville to buy them out of slavery; so many as twelve hundred was raised in the North to buy the other daughters out of the bondage they were cast into. Perhaps these very Brazilian slave girls once tyrannized over their slave sisters in Tennessee. When they are emancipated, may they have a feeling for their emancipated kinsfolk, that will make them cordial and coworking in all sisterly affection. That father and his friends should ask how they would like the Brazil Ku Klux set on these "Tennessee young ladies," or all the other horrors that have befallen many myriads of Tennessee, and other young ladies of the best families. They may learn by this event to do to others at home, as they wish others to do to them in Brazil.

**WE DOUBT.**—*The Golden Age* says:—

"Rev. Dr. Abel Stevens, of the Methodist Church in America, desires to see established a University, upon such a scale of liberality that every sect, even infidels and atheists, shall have their own theological, (or anti-theological chairs) in its theological department. This is the same ground in the sphere of education which *The Golden Age* occupies in the sphere of journalism; and extended to all spheres, it will be the platform of the new catholicity of the future."

Dr. Stevens can hardly accept *The Golden Age* as his model for a journal or University, except in its good looks. Apollo is handsome enough for a Christian, but Christians will not be apt to accept him as such until he abandons paganism, and preaches the Gospel. The University, as the State and the press, should be Christian. Every other sort of education, society or utterance is destructive of man's soul and body, here and hereafter.

**THE ITINERANCY IN THE BAPTIST CHURCH.**—The Secretary of the Worcester Baptist Association, Rev. C. W. Reading, in his report last year, wrote as follows:—

"Within the last decade, every church in the Association (twenty-two in all), excepting one, has changed pastors, and some have changed more than once. At the present time, only five held the same charge five years ago. If, as is thought and said by some, 'variety is the spice' of preaching, as well as 'of life,' how wonderfully favored some of our churches have been. Would a day of special thanksgiving for such a blessing be out of place? If, in the order of the Divine purposes, the advent of the Millennium has any important and necessary connections with the permanence of the pastoral relation in the churches of the Worcester Baptist Association, it is certain that his Satanic Majesty has no occasion at present to tremble lest his reign on earth shall be speedily brought to a close.

"The clear prospect is that the ministry will have soon engrafted upon it all the disadvantages of itiner-

ancy, without any of its relieving features, as practised by our brethren of the Methodist denomination."

An examination of the Statistics of the Massachusetts Baptist Conventions, for 1860 and 1870, reveals the following fact:—

Of the 204 pastors settled over churches in 1860, only 16 were pastors of the same churches in 1870. And of 214 pastors of churches in 1870, 146 have held their present pastorates less than three years, 114 less than two years, and 67 less than one year.

An itinerant system, only half way adopted, must be attended with many inconveniences. Our Baptist brethren had better adopt the system in full, so as to have its compensating advantages with its disadvantages. They will be able then to supply all their churches with pastors, and without long intervals.

*Harper's Weekly* follows *Every Saturday* into the publication of Reade's Putrid Horror, and with less excuse, for it could read the pages before it printed them, and had not bought them, and would not therefore lose by the refusal to publish them. It also graces, or disgraces the affair with additional pictures of a harlot and her prey. The line should be drawn somewhere, and if a popular writer chooses to descend into hell for his themes, it is certainly not necessary for popular publishers to vie with each other as to who shall the most luxuriously and lavishly issue his abominations. "False wizard, avaunt!" they should both say. Their readers will be none the less, their rewards of conscience, if not of cash, much the more, if they refuse to farther serve the filthy mess to the youth and adults who gather round their table.

The Methodists in cities, it is said, pay fifteen dollars a piece to the support of the Church, and three dollars and a half in the country. The Roman Catholics ten dollars in cities, and five in the country, the Episcopalians twenty-five dollars in the former, and five in the latter. The ratio of other churches is not given. These figures show the great difference between city and country finances and expenses. They also may enlighten some minds that fancy because city preachers get the most money, they necessarily live better, and lay up more. The former may possibly be the case, though that is doubtful, good living costing but little in the country. But they undoubtedly have less at the end of the year than their rural brethren. So all dwell about on the same level.

"Warrington," at a radical club meeting, when Mr. Wasson was complaining that newspapers were ruining the brains of the country, confessed that it was so; they had spoiled his brains, for he read them all the time, and not much else. Fact is, this is a newspaper age, and brains run now to the paper, as they did once to books. The best writing is in the journals of the day, and the best writers. Subscribe for the best paper (that of course means *ZION'S HERALD*), and you get the best thoughts done up in the best expressions. Therefore subscribe.

An appeal is issued from three brethren of the New York East Conference, Revs. Messrs. Woodruff, Horn, and Glover, for funds to erect a monument to Bishop Kingsley, at Beyrout. They visited the place, and noted its neglect. The response should be liberal to this appeal. They ask for subscriptions of five dollars and upward. They can be sent to Oliver Hoyt, 72 Gold Street, New York, or J. M. Phillips, Book Concern, Cincinnati. Any moneys sent to J. P. Magee will be forwarded to these parties. Let each person send a dollar, if he cannot more, so that our only Bishop in Palestine may be duly honored.



## Original and Selected Papers.

## WHOSOEVER WILL.

The dying thief upon the tree  
Sought mercy—found it nigh;  
But ah, my friend did you not see  
That Christ has died for you and me,  
And passed beyond the sky!

The place, the circumstance, the time,  
And each attendant scene  
Were all propitious; and the thief,  
All bowed in agony and grief,  
Now owns himself unclean.

It were not strange if he had known  
The Master in his youth;  
That somewhere, sometime, had been sown  
The precious seed, though all unknown,  
Nor springing up in truth.

However that may be, one thing  
We safely may believe,  
That whosoever will, may bring  
His guilty soul to Christ the King,  
And find a full reprieve.

W. HASELTINE.

## A WONDERFUL MEETING.

Such a meeting was held last week in the Wesleyan Committee Room, in which all the Methodists of Massachusetts should have been invited to participate. It was the annual meeting of the Committee to recommend appropriations for the worn out preachers, widows, and orphans.

Let us look in upon this meeting.

The Methodist pastors of Boston and vicinity are here. The object is to examine the wants of the claimants upon the funds of the Preachers' Aid Society, to ascertain the amount of these funds, and recommend appropriations.

The first question is, How much have we to appropriate? The Treasurer's report is read, giving as the sum on hand \$5,833.46, almost \$300 more than last year.

"But we have a number of new cases," says one, "so that we cannot go beyond last year's appropriations, if, indeed, we can come up to them."

Bro. A. says: "We ought to have, at least, \$15,000 to do anything like justice to these claimants."

Bro. B., excitedly: "It's a burning shame with a membership of 23,000, to raise the sum of less than \$6,000 to sustain those worn out men, and aged and infirm widows."

Bro. P. is still more emphatic, and declares that such parsimony is deserving of the severest censure, and he cannot see how such persons can "love God whom they have not seen," and be so indifferent to such objects of suffering which they have seen.

Chairman: "Will the Secretary please read the applications as they are filed?"

No. 1. Age. "Seventy-two."  
Number in family. "Three: self, wife, and little fatherless grandson."

Income. "I raised four bushels of corn, and twelve of potatoes, and some garden-sauce."

We can give this old and sick minister \$150.

No. 2. The next is from a widow.

Age. "Fifty-two."

Health. "Very feeble—not able to leave the room."

Income. "None."

Family. "Three."

Means for earning a living. "None."

Now in this case, we ought to be able to give at least \$500; we can give but \$125.

No. 3. Here is an old hero, who has been one of the pioneer preachers all through New England—a leader in the host.

Age. "Seventy-seven."

Health. "Poor."

Number in family. "Two."

Income. "\$15!"

Means of earning a living. "My hands."

"He ought to have \$800," says one.

We can give him \$250.

"God save me from being a Conference claimant!" ejaculates S. The Chair called him to order, as reflecting upon the Church. The Board reversed the decision of the Chair, declaring it to be a pious and exceedingly proper prayer. A general Amen, the Chair joining.

No. 4. The widow of a man whom the Church delighted to honor.

Age. "Seventy-six."

Health. "Good."

Number in family. "Four."

Property. "None."

Income. "None."

Means of earning a living. "None."

You may judge, reader, what was her appropriation from the cases above.

The next case.

No. 5. The widow of a man who has done more in the planting of Methodism in New England, or as much, at least, as any man who has lived, dying at an advanced age poor, and his widow going about to obtain sewing to live. Hear her answers.

Health. "Not good."

Number in family. "Myself."

Property. "None."

Income. "I have earned \$75 the past year by sewing. My rent has been \$75, but for some time I have been unable to obtain but three days' work."

O, sisters in the Church, think of this; think of it when tempted to spend your money on useless finery, and ornamentation think of a preacher's widow going from house to house, soliciting work to bring her daily bread.

Here is a widow in the next application, left with four children, and no income but the labor of her hands.

No. 6. Two orphan children of a beloved brother. A photograph is enclosed, and as the card is passed from hand to hand, many eyes are moist. One is a sickly little fellow of ten years. We think we can recommend \$50 each.

And we go through a list of over thirty applicants, and on footing up the amount, find we have exceeded the funds on hand over \$400! Now comes the most painful part of this painful business, we must go over the whole list and cut them down. "Call the list, Bro. Secretary." And now you should be present, O niggardly man, or woman, who put twenty-five cents into the collection for the Preachers' Aid Society, and spend \$25 for some needless luxury.

"O, not this, not this," cry several voices; "we cannot cut down that old brother's appropriation of \$250."

"Not that widow with her little flock," cries another. But the Church says it must be done, and it is done.

Now, dear brethren, let us end this by a resolve to raise a sum equal to \$1.00 per head for our 23,000 members in this Conference for the current year. Do it now. Make the offering to God, and His blessing will be upon you. It is not charity, it is simple justice. When these men gave themselves to the Church, the Church pledged her religious honor that they should be cared for when disabled, and their widows and dependent children looked after if they fell. You cannot go back on your pledges.

They have lived on small salaries, compared with the compensation the world gives its laborers. Beautifully did Father Taylor put this case, when he compared the itinerants to "camels bearing sweet spices, but feeding on bitter herbs."

Do not let these worn out men have occasion to say, "The Church is ungrateful."

## MABEL'S WARFARE.

BY HER FRIEND.

XX.

"Every real life is a story, were it only told."

At tea, Mabel noticed that the face of the waiter-girl was ghastly pale, and that pain was stamped on every feature. When the meal was over, and the two women were seated together on the verandah, enjoying the sweet breeze from the garden, she asked Georgia what was the cause of Mary's ill looks.

"That girl's history is a history of martyrdom," was the reply. "In fact, Mary is the greatest distress of my life. Sometimes I feel as if I should be glad to have her leave, faithful as she is. I never could get her equal for her place. She is steady as clock-work, at her post, sick or well. To-day she ought to be in bed, I have no doubt. Every new trouble upsets her afresh. I do believe she will die, if things keep on so much longer. She has been with us ever since we kept house, and I feel too much interest in her and sympathy for her to dismiss her. But I must say I do wish she could look more on the bright side of things than she does."

"You do not tell me what her troubles are. What are they?"

"O! a brother," was the reply. "Her mother died when she was a child, and left in her charge a brother several years younger than she. He has turned out badly, and his conduct is fairly killing the poor girl. She had set her heart on his early conversion, and fasted and prayed for him until I was obliged positively to forbid the fasting, as I knew that she could not long hold out to do her work if she starved herself much more. She denies herself all but the barest necessities, that she may lend or give; for 'tis all, or nearly all, giving to her brother, who never seems to have enough to be respectably clad, and the ungrateful fellow will use her hard-earned money to buy the means of making himself intoxicated. He will lie, and deceive her, too, in a hundred ways, and impose shamefully upon her kindness and generosity. She is certainly the most devoted and self-sacrificing being that I ever knew, not even excepting yourself, Mabel."

"For pity sake, don't mention me in such a connec-

tion!" cried Mabel, her eyes full of tears, and her heart of sympathy for the victim of ingratitude. "For all that ever I, out of my abundance, have been permitted to do for any one, I have been abundantly thanked and rewarded. Hard indeed would it be for me to endure such a fate as poor Mary's. How strange it does seem that God should suffer her to be so tried!"

"Yes, I must confess that, in Mary's case even I can see very little bright side. About two years ago the poor girl was allowed to hope that God had taken pity on her, and granted her prayers. Her brother seemed earnestly to repent, and he even joined the church, and for many months appeared remarkably well. Mary was like a different creature. She told me that she felt as light of heart as though she had not a care nor sorrow in the world, except strange shivers of terror that now and then would come over her, lest this great blessing might prove but a delusion, a mockery. I shall never forget the agonized look that crossed her features as she asked me if I thought it possible that a kind and merciful, all-powerful God would permit Satan so bitterly to mock her. I could only say I could not believe He would; and she rebuked her want of faith in the love and faithfulness of Christ, who, while on earth, never trifled with the anguish, or with any of the holy feelings of His children, or even of those who were not of the number of His own.

"It is ingratitude and sin in me to doubt that He will perfect the work He has begun in my erring brother. His conversion is only what I should have fully expected. The Lord will never disappoint our trust in Him, nor refuse to grant a prayer that is in accordance with His will, and prompted by His own Spirit, as my prayers for my brother were. I will not listen to fear. God can keep Edson, and He will." So she would talk. But her fears were truer than her hopes. He began to drink again, and behaved in a dreadful manner. He repented bitterly, and was almost ready to kill himself. The fellow was sincerely distressed and sorry; and made promises enough. Mary hoped again. Again she helped to clothe him up, and to get a place for him; for he depends on her to find him employment. But last week she was called, after a hard day's work, just as, feeling tired out, she was about going to bed, to her cousin's, where Edson boards, to try to calm him, as he was raving, and tearing, and smashing things all to pieces, in furious delirium. When she reached the house he had fallen on his face, and was asleep, stretched between two doors. The panel of one he had kicked out. The handsome overcoat she had given him was in a shocking condition, and his money—it was pay-day—was gone all but a few dollars. He soon woke, and then the horrible scene of struggle, and screeching, and oaths was renewed. Three men were with him until morning, when he sank away into drunken sleep; and Mary, looking like one long dead, returned here. I pity her exceedingly; but what can I do? Such things are harrowing to me. I cannot much longer endure what Mary's being here costs me."

"Bear ye one another's burdens, and so fulfill the law of Christ," was Mabel's only reply, as she rose and started in search of Mary, toward whom her whole heart went out in unutterable yearning. At the extreme end of the L part of the house was a great maple tree, under which was a bench. Seated on this, with her back against the tree, and her hands clasped in her lap, was Mary, motionless as a statue. Mabel, when she had found her, seated herself beside her, and, putting her arm about her, tenderly questioned her of her trouble, and poor Mary, with tears, and groanings of spirit, answered. She said she had walked in the shadow of this woe for fifteen years; for, seeing how sadly her brother was mismanaged at home, and knowing that he was obtaining his chief education in the streets, she felt how it would be, unless God in His mercy interposed. To Him she betook herself, as her only Friend and Helper, entreating His guardianship for the boy; and why, O why has He not granted my prayer, which I have prayed night and day before Him?" was the hard question with which she closed her painful story.

"Mary, you are bitterly tried, and shot at by the archers; but you have not yet endured to the end. I cannot answer your question; but God will surely do so, to your full satisfaction. Listen to His word: 'I am the Lord. They shall not be ashamed that wait for me.' Having done all, you must now stand, sure of this, that God's promise to you cannot fail. But you must let me see this young man. If he is not insane, or unable to overcome his appetite for strong drink, he can be strengthened to escape from the snare; if he is unable, he is a fit subject for confinement, and he must be placed where he will be taken care of. Do not despair, Mary. I will see to his case, poor sister. Be comforted. Now go to bed, and casting all care, all burden on Jesus, sleep!"

(To be continued.)



## THE BEAUTIES OF EXCISE.

We commend these lines of a good Calvinist and Congregationalist, Cowper, to his brother Congregationalist and Calvinist in this city, who thinks Prohibition a false balance, and the Excise law the delight of the Lord.

Pass where we may, through city or through town,  
Village, or hamlet, of this merry land,  
Though lean and beggar'd, ev'ry twentieth pace  
Conducts th' unguarded nose to such a whiff  
Of stale debauch, forth issuing from the styes  
That law has licens'd, as makes, Temperance reel.  
There sits, involv'd and lost in curling clouds  
Of Indian fume, and guzzling deep, the boor,  
The lackey, and the groom; the craftsman there  
Takes a Lethæan leave of all his toil;  
Smith, cobbler, joiner, he that piles the shears,  
And he that kneads the dough, all loud alike,  
All learned, and all drunk! The fiddle screams,  
Plaintive and piteous as it wept and wail'd  
Its wasted tones and harmony unheard;  
Fierce the dispute, whate'er the theme, while she,  
Fell Discord, arbitress of such debate,  
Perch'd on the sign-post, holds with even hand  
Her undecisive scales. In this she lays  
A weight of ignorance; in that of pride;  
And smiles delighted with the eternal poise.  
Dire is the frequent curse, and its twin sound,  
The cheek-distending oath, nor to be prais'd  
As ornamental, musical, polite,  
Like those which modern senators employ,  
Whose oath is rhet'ric, and who swear for fame!  
Behold the schools, in which plebeian minds  
Once simple, are initiated in arts  
Which some may practice with polliter grace,  
But none with reader skill! 'Tis here they learn  
The road, that leads from competence and peace  
To indigence and rapine; till at last  
Society, grown weary of the load,  
Shakes her encumber'd lap, and casts them out.  
But censure profits little; vain th' attempt  
To advertise in verse a public pest,  
That like the filth with which the peasant feeds  
His hungry race, stinks, and is of use.  
Th' Excise is fatten'd with the rich result  
Of all this riot; and ten thousand casks,  
Forever dribbling out their base contents,  
Touch'd by the Midas-finger of the state,  
Bleed gold for ministers to sport away.  
Drink, and be mad, then; 'tis your country bids!  
Gloriously drunk, obey the important call!  
Her cause demands th' assistance of your throats;—  
Ye all can swallow, and she asks no more.

## WAYSIDE GLEANINGS.

## "HE DIED FOR ME."

Awhile after the close of the war of the Rebellion, a gentleman visiting one of the cemeteries of the Union Army at Nashville, saw a man thoughtful and sad, planting a flower on the grave of a soldier.

The visitor, deeply impressed by the bearing of the stranger, approached him and inquired, "Is this the grave of a son?" "No, sir," he replied. "It is then the grave of a son-in-law, or of some near relative?" "No, sir," said the man, and then placing a little wooden monument at the head of the grave, with great tenderness he told him the following touching story:

"Early in the war I resided in Illinois, and it was my earnest desire to go forth and aid my country by fighting its enemies, and would-be destroyers; but having a large family who were entirely dependent on me for their support, I felt compelled to resist my desire to enlist; I was at last, however, drafted, and being without means to procure a substitute, I made all the preparation in my power for my family, when, just as we were about setting out for the conscript camp, a young man came to me, saying, 'You have a family dependent on you for their support; I am young, and have no one who looks to me for aid, I will go as your substitute.' I felt it to be my duty to accept his offer. His regiment was soon ordered into this section of country, and at the battle of Chickamauga, he was fearfully wounded and brought back to Nashville, where, after weeks of great suffering he died, and was buried in this grave. Since the hour I heard of his death, it has been the desire of my heart to visit his grave, and know that he had an appropriate burial; and from my scanty earnings I have been enabled to come and erect this humble head-board, and plant this flower on his grave as my best offering to my noble substitute.

Turning from this spot, made so hallowed by the memories of the brave deeds of the martyred hosts resting there, I read on the plain monument greeted by my pilgrim over the grave of him who had stood in his stead in the hour of danger and death, these expressive words, 'He died for me.'

Such, thought I, is a noble tribute, though humble the tablet on which it is subscribed; but deeply is it burned in un fading letters on the tablets of the hearts of that loving family for whom he died, and more lasting than though it were cut on the grandest marble or granite obelisk. With them they are living words, and a living tribute.

But one also hath "died for me," for thee, for all. He died to save, not only from danger here, from danger beyond, but to cleanse and save from sin, and to prepare us for another and a better life beyond. He died and liveth again, that where He is there we may be also. Our joy and peace in believing; our hope for those who rest in peace; for those who shall go before, was purchased with Gethsemane's pangs,—for us He died; for Him we should live, and every human heart

should be the tablet on which is written the previous words, hallowed with the best of human loves, sanctified by the gifts of the Holy Ghost, "He died for me."

DWINNELS.

## CUTTING THEMSELVES WITH KNIVES AND LANCETS, BUT BRINGING NO FIRE.

The report of a Unitarian Conference, last week, at Harlem, as given in *The Advertiser*, contains the following:—

"Rev. Mr. Lowe, of Boston, thought Methodism showed how much work was to be done, for it gave every man, woman and child something to do.

"Dr. Bellows was profoundly dissatisfied with the state of things among Unitarians, and he wanted such a flood-tide of the Spirit as Methodists introduced into England, to lift his denomination out of the mud in which it was stuck."

At the Universalist Centennial, at Gloucester, last September, the "Report on the State of the Church" confessed "an almost general lack of heartiness and amplitude in their customary mode of public worship and religious observance."

And Rev. Dr. Ryder, of Chicago, said,

"The trouble with us as a people to-day is, we leave the flour-barrel at the back door. The trouble with us as a denomination to-day is, we do not make our theory a practical force in the denomination."

Such allusions to Methodism, and similar confessions of a want of zeal and earnestness in their religion, are very common things in the religious gatherings of all the so-called Liberal Churches.

They remind us of a certain scene, which occurred more than twenty-seven hundred years ago, on Mount Carmel, when the priests of Baal called upon their God for fire, jumping upon their altar, cutting themselves with knives and lancets, and yet the fire did not descend.

The fire does not exist where the cross is ignored. The cross of Christ is the source of spiritual power. D.

## STORIES ABOUT REV. JOHN LELAND.

The last *Baptist Quarterly* has some excellent gleanings from the life of this redoubtable preacher.

## THUS HE WAS CONVERTED.

"I was [he says in his autobiography] in almost all evil, full of vanity, exceedingly attached to frolicking and foolish wickedness. In the summer of 1772, when returning from my frolics, the words sounded from the sky, 'You are not about the work you have got to do!' The last time I heard these sounds I stood amazed; and turning my eyes upward it seemed that there was a work of more weight than a mountain, which I had yet to perform. The world and all that was in it appeared of small consequence. With no unusual horror of mind, without dread of damnation, the charms of those youthful diversions which had been sweeter to me than the honeycomb, lost all their sweetness, nor could I conceive how there could be any pleasure in them."

## PERILS IN BAPTIZING.

"On one of these tours [in Virginia and South], after an evening preaching, a lady applied to him for baptism. She informed him that her husband had threatened to 'whip her within an inch of her life, if she was ever baptized, and to kill any man that should baptize her.' But having seen Leland once, and taken a liking to him he had made an exception in his favor; and now she proposed to take the risk. 'Well,' he said 'if you will venture your back, I will my head; and baptized her. 'I heard afterwards,' he writes, 'that he whipped her; but the head of John the Baptist is not taken off yet.'

"In the south part of Orange, a man took his gun, with the expressed intention of killing me. He had given his consent that his wife should be baptized, and the meeting was appointed for the purpose. But when we had come to the water, and I had taken her hand to lead her into the water, there was an alarm that he was coming with his gun. While a detachment of the congregation went to pacify him, I thought, *now or never*, and baptized her. No mischief followed."

## PERILS IN PREACHING.

"Captain Robert Howard, of York, had a beautiful and pious wife whom he adored. She wished to be baptized, but as he was a vestryman in the church he opposed it. At a time, however, she came forward and was baptized. When he heard of it he called for his carriage and took his cow-skin and said he would lash me out of the country. His sister said to him, 'Brother Bobby, Mr. Leland is a large man, and will be too much for you!' 'I know it,' said the Captain, 'but he will not fight.' His wife made answer, 'Perhaps he may; he goes well armed, and if he should wound you in the heart, you would fall before him.' 'Ah!' he said, 'I know nothing of this heart work.' 'I wish you may, my dear,' she replied.

"In another part of Orange, a woman who is in the habit of intimacy with myself and wife, invited me to preach in her house on a certain evening. When we reached the gate, her son, who was a captain, having been reproved by his mother and taken offense at it, met us, and said I should not preach there. I asked him if he thought he was right. 'No,' he said, 'I know I am wrong, and I expect to be damned for it; but I have said it, and shall stand to my word.' His father came out and desired us to go in, the house was his, not his son's. The woman was at a loss; I hesitated, but at

length went in. As the people began to collect the captain withdrew with threatenings. After I arose to open the meeting with singing, he came rushing into the house like a bear robbed of her whelps, sprang upon the bed, and stepping off the bed with his arm extended and his sword glittering, exclaimed, 'Let me kill the d—d rascal!' As he made a stroke at me the point of the sword hit the joists, and he behaved like an awkward soldier. The case was this: my wife, who was seated near the head of the bed, when she saw the captain with his sword drawn back to give the thrust, like a female angel, sprang like the lightning of heaven, clasped her arms within his elbow around his body, locked her hands together, and held him like a vise till he was disarmed. We then took a lantern, went into the street, and finished the meeting. As God would have it, a young man and a young woman dated their change from that meeting."

## POINTS IN HIS SERMON.

"He would say, 'If I take my text in Genesis, my conclusion carries me forward to the third of John; and if I start in Revelation, I must run back the same chapter.' 'Brevity is the soul of wit, the nerve of argument, and the bone of good sense; but loquacity palsies attention, massacres time, and darkens counsel.'

"On the clause of the text, 'And shall cast them into a furnace of fire,' etc., he used an illustration that was fit to curdle young blood in the veins. He raised the question: Will not angels and redeemed men, as they see and know the misery of the lost, expressed as 'wailing and gnashing of teeth,' intercede that it may be ended? Well, when you make up a large fire upon the hearth, putting on a stick of the decayed wood full of the worms that are working there, and when the fire gets hold of it, and the worms begin to feel the heat, and you hear them *sin—g—g*, who will say, take the stick from the fire?

"When speaking upon, 'They shall call upon my name,' he said 'The Greeks called man *anthropos*,—one who looks up. The Christian is the true *anthropos*, and Christ the true *phil-anthropist*,—one who loves the one that looks up.'

## OTHER SAYINGS.

"His sermons, though long, seldom less than an hour and a half, were never wearisome to hearers, as they must have been had they been merely diffuse, verbose declamation. It has been related of him that he once spent a Sunday with Dr. Gano, of Providence, preaching in the meeting-house of the first Baptist Church. Before he commenced, the Doctor informed him that his congregation was not accustomed to long services, his own sermons being usually limited to half an hour. Mr. Leland accepted the suggestion with apparent acquiescence, and proceeded with his sermon, for about half an hour, when he paused, and gravely informed the congregation of what 'Brother Gano' had told him, and gave those who were weary liberty to retire. It was easy to see that his sermon was only well begun, and no one retiring, he went on about an hour longer.

"Another sermon of his we have a distinct recollection of. It was preached at an association, or some similar meeting where ministers were present, on the parable of the net cast into the sea, Matthew xiii. 47-50. He dwelt largely upon the 'gospel net,' and the manner in which it might be used; his illustrations of course readily suggested by the parable. He said sometimes a company of fishermen succeeded in gathering a sturgeon into their net among a school of smaller fish. They move their net carefully in, and as long as the water is deep the big fish goes along readily with it. But just as they hope to secure their haul by landing the net, his sturgeon-ship makes a sudden turn for the deep, breaks the meshes of the net, and is off, large numbers of the smaller fry following him. So the Gospel fishermen sometimes get their net around some 'ginal' or 'square,' who for a time goes well with them, until they propose to fix him in the Church, when he breaks loose, goes back to his old ways, taking with him numbers of converts of less worldly note.

"On one of his tours he came up at night to a public house where he was acquainted, and where he proposed to pass the night. The landlord met him with a smiling countenance, and told him that having built a new barn he was nicely prepared to accommodate the clergy. 'I have,' said he, 'a very elegant stable, with all the improvements, for Episcopal horses; a comfortable sort of stable for Presbyterian horses; while I keep the old barn for Baptist horses; the feed is according to the style of stable.' 'Well,' he replied, 'everybody knows that I am a Baptist, but my horse is an Episcopalian.'

"On one occasion of a very cold Sunday, before meeting-houses were furnished with stoves, he was to preach a second sermon after another preacher. He had noticed the annoyance of his predecessor by people leaving the house to warm themselves. When his time came to preach, he spoke of the severity of the weather and the discomfort of the people, which he felt would justify all who had holes in their stockings in going to warm their feet; but those whose stockings were whole, would of course be able to endure the cold! It need not be added that he kept his audience quiet.

"Within the year before that he wrote to 'Rev. John Taylor, who lives, or ought to live in the town of Regeneration, Grace Street, Penitent Alley, at the sign of the cross, and next to Glory.'

"Whenever," said Madame de Staël, "I see Mr. B., I feel the same pleasure that I receive from looking at a fond couple,—he and his self-love live so happily together."

Sophistry is like a window-curtain,—it pleases as an ornament, but its true use is to keep out the light.

That conduct sometimes seems ridiculous, the secret reason of which may perhaps be wise and solid.



## For the Children.

## MY GENTIAN.

When the late September frost  
Had killed the summer, and her ghost  
Lingered by the brookside, where  
Cardinals were one scarlet glare,  
I found my gentians.

Golden-rod around them grew;  
Late sweetbrier's fragrance flew  
On the wind beyond me, while  
I bent down to catch the smile  
Of those dear gentians.

Every day I sought them, till  
Came November grey and chill;  
Then the last one died, and I  
Longed for winter to pass by,  
And bring my gentians.

And next year came; the precious field,  
Which I hoped rich store would yield,  
Bore few blossoms, and with pain  
Found me searching almost vain  
For my blue gentians.

In another year, not one  
Flower was there; their work was done;  
All the wind-borne seeds had found  
Other homes in other ground,  
My poor lost gentians!

Do they bloom for other eyes?  
Do other hearts their beauty prize?  
Dare I hope that time will show  
Unto me who loved them so,  
My vanished gentians?

## SAM JONES AND THE HAYSTACKS.

BY ELLEN DEE.

One day, during Sam Jones' visit to the seashore, as he was sitting on a rock, watching the big waves rolling in upon the beach, he saw a boy coming towards him. A long-handled rake was swung over his shoulder, and on the end of it dangled a tin pail. He was barefoot, and his jacket and pantaloons were coarse and patched. His head was bent forward to prevent the wind from blowing off his broad-brimmed straw hat, so that he didn't see Sam until he heard him calling out, in a pleasant voice, "Look here! Where are you going with that big rake?" Then he lifted his head, and saw before him a boy of about his own age, dressed in a stylish suit of navy blue, with brass buttons, and wearing a jaunty sailor's cap. He felt very much confused at first, for it flashed across his mind in a minute that this must be the boy from Washington, who was visiting up at Squire Jones'.

Like many boys, who have never been away from their quiet, country homes, he had an idea that any boy who has a rich father, and lives in a big city, must be very proud; too proud, by far, to go with a boy like him, who went barefoot, and wore such old clothes. I confess that it is too often the case, but we shall see if Sam Jones was that kind of a boy.

In answer to his question, the boy told him that he was going over on the "marsh," to help his father stack hay. Sam was all excitement then, for he had heard about the salt marshes in that vicinity, and was very curious to find out how the big hay-stacks, which he had seen only from a distance, were made. So he told the boy that he would like to go with him, and asked him to wait while he ran up to the house for a few minutes. The boy agreed to wait, but told him that he must hurry, as the tide would turn in a couple of hours. So off Sam ran, wondering what in the world the turning of the tide had to do with it. Meanwhile, the boy sat down on the rock to wait. The time didn't seem long before he saw Sam coming back at full speed; but O what a change! He had dressed himself in a suit of the oldest clothes he could find; had taken off his shoes and stockings, and had rolled his pantaloons above his knees. Upon his head was an old, broad-brimmed straw hat of his uncle's, a great deal too big for him, and over his shoulder was swung a big rake. But, to cap it all, he had hung a tin pail on the end of it. O how the boy laughed, and I don't wonder, for he saw the exact counterpart of himself coming towards him. It entirely cured him of the idea that Sam was "stuck up," at any rate. That was just like Sam, he never went half way in anything.

As he came nearer, the boy asked him what he was going to do with his pail.

"O, I don't know," said Sam. "What are you?"

"Why, I am carrying father's dinner over in mine; but I guess I shall go beach-plumming with it on my way back."

"All right," said Sam; "I'll go, too, for I never saw a beach-plum."

"Well, I know where they are real thick." So they talked away, as they trudged along the beach, and a stranger would have taken them for brothers, instead of

two boys who had just met for the first time in their lives.

Sam found out that his new companion's name was Nat Price; that his father was a fisherman, who lived at the mouth of the river, and that he could go there by walking along on the beach about four miles, wading through a brook on the way, and walking through a piece of woods about half a mile beyond.

They were so busy talking that, before they knew it, they found themselves close to the fence over which they were to climb to get upon the marsh. But by that time Sam had made up his mind that what Nat Price didn't know about that beach wasn't worth knowing, and that he was about the nicest boy that he ever saw. And Nat, on his part, had decided that if all city boys were anything like Sam Jones, he had been greatly mistaken in his idea of them. You see the boys had taken a great fancy for each other.

Stretched before them were acres and acres of salt marsh, dotted with dark, cone-shaped stacks of hay. Men were busy in every direction building others, and opposite to where the boys stood was Capt. Price, Nat's father, just commencing a new one.

"Now, Sam," said Nat, "if you want to see how a haystack is made, you can, for there is father just starting one. Come on! let's run!"

"All right," said Sam; "go ahead!" But the words were hardly out of his mouth before he found himself stretched on the ground, with one leg knee deep in water.

"That's too bad!" said Nat, laughing, in spite of himself. "I forgot to tell you about those creeks." Then he told him that the marsh was all interwoven with little creeks, which were so concealed by the long grass that one must pick his way very carefully to avoid stumbling into them.

Sam didn't mind his fall, though. He was up in a minute, and after putting on his hat, which had fallen off, and hanging his pail on the end of the rake again, he started off as merry as before. Nat stopped to pull some marsh-rosemary, a little plant that grows among the grass, which has a very sweet and juicy root, of a delicious flavor. The plant is known by its little purple blossoms.

They soon reached the place where Nat's father was at work. He greeted Sam very cordially, and while he was eating his dinner, he told him many interesting things. He told him that during the spring and fall, the tides often rose so high as to cover the marsh entirely, and that in consequence the grass became salt.

He told him that in summer, when the tide does not come up so far, the men cut the grass and pile it up in big stacks, as they were then doing; but in order to prevent the high tides from carrying them off to sea when fall should come, they build the stacks upon a framework of stakes, which are driven into the ground in the form of a solid circle, and stand about three feet high; and that during high tide, even in summer, the creeks, like the one Sam tumbled into, became so very high and swollen that the men at work upon the marsh have to get off before that time, else they find themselves on little islands from which there is no escape, except by wading or swimming. Sam understood, from that, what the turning of the tide had to do with Nat's hurrying.

After eating his dinner, Captain Price was ready to begin his stack, and called Nat to help him. Sam stepped up, and said that he should like to help too. So, by following directions, he made himself very useful.

They commenced by spreading the hay in a circle, upon the stacks. Then, as they piled it on, they gradually drew it towards the outer edge, making it bulge beyond the foundation. After they had built the stack up in this way, about five feet, Captain Price got upon it, and as the boys, with long pitchforks, reached the hay up to him, he spread it around, drawing it in, little by little towards the centre of the stack, thereby bringing it into a cone-like shape. After it was built up in this way, more about five or six feet, and had been smoothed into as nice a point as possible, Captain Price sat astride a long hay-pole that Nat handed up to him, and down he slid to the ground. The stack was finished, and a handsomer one wasn't to be seen on the marsh; for Nat's father took great pride in the form of his hay-stacks, I assure you.

"Now, how do you get these stacks away?" said Sam. "I should think ox-teams would sink into the marsh, if it is so soft and miry."

"So they would," said the Captain; "but we never attempt to remove them until the marsh is frozen over, and covered with snow. Then, we come on with our ox-teams, and haul them off."

On Sam's journey from Washington, when riding in the cars through sea-port places, he had noticed a great many of these dark stacks of salt hay, and he was very glad to get so much information about them.

It was getting towards sunset, and the boys started

for home. Just before reaching the beach, they had to cross what is called the sea-wall. It is a ridge of dry, white sand, just above high-water mark. In this sand they found a large quantity of beach-plum bushes, covered with fruit. They grow from two to five feet high, and the plums are about as large as a common grape, very rich and juicy. Scarcely anything else will grow in this sand; but these bushes prefer it to the richest soil, and in fact, are not to be found anywhere else. Sam said he should like to know where the beach-plums got their juice, for he shouldn't think they could find anything in that dry sand, to make it out of. I have often had the same thought myself.

After picking all they could find, they went down on the hard sand of the beach, and walked rapidly towards home. When Sam bade Nat "good bye," at the rock, he promised to go over to the Mouth, as Nat's home was called, very soon, and spend the day.

## "WILL YOU ROCK ME, FATHER?"

"My little boy is dead," said a friend, as we met upon the street. "We have just been to bury him." Then with tender words which came so readily from the fond father's bleeding heart, he went on to speak of his darling boy, his opening mind and affectionate heart, his last painful sickness, the closing scene, and the vacancy of home, now he is gone. "But," he added, and as he spoke his face lighted up with true submissive peace, "he taught me one lesson before he died." "And what was that?" I inquired. He replied, "As my boy grew very sick, the medicine was exceedingly disagreeable to him, so much so that he refused to take it. But I told him he must. Doctor had so ordered, and he must. Then lifting his eyes to mine, he said, 'If I drink it, will you rock me, father, and sing to me?' Yes, yes, my good boy; take it and I will." With that assurance, summoning all his flagging powers, he drank the bitter draught. Then laying his burning cheek on mine, he said, 'Now, father, rock me, sing to me.'

"The lesson my dying boy taught me is this: when my Heavenly Father mingles a bitter cup, and pressing it to my lips says, 'Drink it, I will obey. Then will He rock me in His strong arms of love, and sing to me the precious words of His promises. O, how sweet."

Afflicted one, is it not a truth, a great and blessed truth, declared in the Word of God and confirmed by Christian experience, that "Like as a father pitieth his children, so the Lord pitieth them that fear Him?" And when the humble disciple can follow the Master into the soul's Gethsemane, and there repeat His words, "O, my Father, if this cup may not pass from me except I drink it, Thy will be done," then will He rock him in tender arms of His love, and sing to him words of promise sweeter than ever fell on angel's ear. — *Congregationalist*.

**IDLE GIRLS.**—It is a painful spectacle in families, where the mother is the drudge, to see the daughters, elegantly dressed, reclining at their ease with their drawing, their music, their fancy-work, and their reading, beguiling themselves of the lapse of hours, days, and weeks; and never dreaming of their responsibilities; but, as a necessary consequence of neglect of duty, growing weary of their useless lives, laying hold of every newly invented stimulant to rouse their drooping energies, and blaming their fate, when they dare not blame their God, for having placed them where they are. These individuals will often tell you, with an air of affected compassion (for who can believe it real), that poor, dear mamma is working herself to death; yet no sooner do you propose that they should assist her than they declare she is quite in her element; in short, that she would never be happy if she had only half so much to do.

**THE APPLE IN THE BOTTLE.**—On the mantel-piece of my grandmother's best parlor, among other marvels, was an apple in a phial. It quite filled up the body of the bottle, and my childish wonderment constantly was, "How could it have got there?" By stealth I climbed a chair to see if the bottom would unscrew, or if there had been a joint in the glass throughout the length of the phial. I was satisfied by careful observation that neither of these theories could be supported, and the apple remained to me an enigma and mystery. One day, walking in the garden, I saw it all. There, on a tree, was a phial tied, and within it a tiny apple which was growing within the crystal. The apple was put into the bottle while it was little, and it grew there. Just so we must catch the little men and women who swarm our streets—we call them boys and girls—and introduce them within the influence of the Church; for alas! it is hard indeed to reach them when they have ripened into carelessness and sin. — *Spurgeon*.

## ENIGMA, NO. 10.

I am composed of twenty-seven letters.  
My 27, 1, 24, 11, 3, 9, is an agricultural implement.  
My 2, 6, 4, 16, is a place where money is kept.  
My 26, 14, 3, 22, is a city in New York.  
My 8, 19, 5, 21, 7, is man's enemy.  
My 2, 25, 18, 6, 11, 21, is the name of a desert.  
My 17, 20, 10, 15, 12, 22, is a number.  
My 13 is a vowel.  
My 23 is a consonant.  
My whole is a proverb.

BELLE MORSE.

## ANSWER TO ENIGMA NO. 9.

"Baptism of the Holy Ghost and of fire."

If a proud man makes me keep my distance, the comfort is that he keeps his at the same time.







\*THE PROBLEM OF EVIL. Translated from the French of M. Ernest Raville, by Professor John P. Lacretia. New York: Carlton, Laneshan, 1871.



and unauthorized translation of the Problem of Evil has already been thrown upon the English market, while *Le Père Celeste* has probably been read by more in its English dress than in its original tongue. We hope the good Professor will find ample encouragement to keep his pen at work.

#### WHY THE LIBERALS WORRY.

Nothing is pleasanter reading than the reports of the Unitarian Conferences. They never get together that they don't free their minds. They generally boast and lament, laugh and cry in about equal proportions; a hysteric state this betokens; that would excite sympathy, only that the subjects of it seem to enjoy both their hot and cold conditions equally well. The New York Conference was lately held at Harlem. Dr. Bellows opened with a glowing account of what his body was doing. One would think as he heard its hallelujahs, that everybody was hastening, like the Jerusalem crowds on the day of Pentecost, to his Harlem temple. Yet he confessed before he got through, that they were doing far more for philanthropic, than Church objects.

Rev. Mr. Harrison, late editor of *The Liberal Christian*, read the essay which made Dr. Bellows' periods and pyrotechnics forgotten. It was on Methodism, which was commended for its "fervor, self-consecration, faith in the Spirit of God, and work for man." The afternoon was taken up with discussing this essay. Rev. Mr. Hale "pitched into" individualism, said "it had gone to seed; organization was everything; the true individual was mankind. A man who was agonizing about his own personal salvation from something terrible hereafter, was only fit for the devil; the true salvation was to feel such sympathy for mankind as to be willing to be damned if only other men could be saved by the sacrifice;" which last is a curious coming up of Hopkinsianism into the mouth of a modern anti-orthodox New Englander. The error here is in ignoring individualism altogether. Methodism, or Christianity, has won only by that very "agonizing about a personal salvation from something terrible hereafter." It is personal and individual, always; these persons thus delivered from the devil, work together.

Rev. Mr. Lowe thought Methodism gave something for everybody to do. Dr. Bellows came "tether side up;" all his brilliancies of the morning were forgotten by himself, and he declared he was "profoundly dissatisfied with the state of things among Unitarians, and he wanted such a flood-tide of the Spirit as Methodism introduced into England, to lift his denomination out of the mud in which it was stuck."

Rev. Mr. Clarke, a former and very able editor of the *Liberal*, now one of the editors of *The Golden Age*, and preacher at the chapel where the session was held, a free-religionist of the ultraist type, came to the rescue of his Unitarian brother, and declared that "Methodism had four times as much to learn from Unitarians as Unitarianism from Methodists." Perhaps so. "The frightful example" is as useful as the model example. Thus they spent the day. Now we need not tell our dear friends that no Methodist Conference wastes its time over such jubilant and Jeremiads. They discuss measures, report progress, pray for faith and strength, and attend to their own affairs.

Again, Methodism has grown by simply doing its own work, preaching repentance from sin, and faith in the Lord Jesus Christ, picking souls out of the fire, building them up body, soul, and spirit, and the love and life that is in Christ Jesus. Only thus will it continue to prosper. If our wandering brothers would only come together and talk Christ, His Divinity, His Atonement, His power to save them now, from all their sins, His saving of them now, fully, gloriously; if they would only weep, and shout, and sing, and pray, they would cease to think of other bodies, and become happy and prosperous in the only possible path of happiness and prosperity. May they yet be brought through their contemplation of Methodistic success to a perception of its sole cause; and to the reception of the same life-giving power.

#### DIFFERENT SORTS OF SECESSION.

The *Southern Advocate* doesn't like Dr. Porter's history in the *Quarterly*, of the relation of New England to the Bishop Andrew debate, especially the paper prepared by the New England delegates, and given to Bishop Hedding after the Conference had about concluded to give the whole matter the go-by for four years, which paper declared, that "if Bishop Andrew should be left by the Conference in the exercise of Episcopal functions, it would break up the most of our churches in New England; and that the only way they could be held together would be to secede in a body, and invite Bishop Hedding to preside over them."

It thinks this was as dreadful as the Southern secession that followed the success of the New England demonstration. That declaration secured Bishop Hedding's

withdrawal of his name from the Episcopal paper recommending postponement, brought affairs to a crisis, and secured the passage of the resolution of suspension of Bishop Andrew, and compelled the pro-slavery South to succumb or revolt.

It waxes eloquent on the iniquity of New England in threatening secession:—

"Let New England Methodists never again, without a blush for themselves, taunt Southern Methodism with being a 'secession.' If it be such, they made it such by a wily threat to 'secede in a body,' and to set up for themselves. The Baltimore Conference of those days loved New England more than it loved the South, and to save New England from secession, it yielded to the clamor against Bishop Andrew, and forced the division of the Church."

The *Southern Advocate* and the Church South fall into the same error here that the Confederacy did when they set up the plea that they had a right to revolt because our fathers did. The right of revolution or secession inheres entirely in the righteousness of the cause for which the revolt is caused. Moses' secession from Egypt was right; Israel's from Judah, wrong. The revolution of Cromwell was right; the revolution that restored Charles II. was wrong. The New England Methodists refused to stand by a church that allowed her superintendents to own men and women and children, and sell them. The Southern Methodists refused to obey the clearest call of conscience and Christ to rebuke that iniquity, and clear itself of all complicity with it; nay, revolted from its conscience and its Lord, in the interests of that Satanic abomination. Had the delegates from that section met and prayed with the delegates from this; had they asked counsel together of God, they would have felt the greatness of the evil upon them; would have consulted how it was best to proceed to contend with it; would have been united in heart and hand in working out the salvation of the nation from its crowning sin.

The Baltimore Conference retained enough of its early anti-slavery power to abide faithful, when all below plunged into the gulf, not so much of secession as sin. It stood by its conscience, and that made it stand by New England. The South will learn some day that only those secessions that are founded in right have honor with God, or success with men. The Free Kirk was a right secession; the American Independence a right revolt. But Jeroboam's independence wrought the ruin and utter extinction of the ten tribes that made it; and the Southern Church and Southern State, for a like idolatrous and sinful revolt, will suffer a like extinction. It will never surrender; it will assuredly die.

#### WOMAN SUFFRAGE AND CHRISTIANITY.

Miss Phelps administers this sound advice to the suffragists in the late *Woman's Journal*. This cause, being a woman's cause, can never win if such scandalous pleas and pleaders as now infest it are not sternly rebuked by its true advocates. We are glad to see that *The Woman's Journal* does condemn them.

"After all, this is very much of a Christian country. We commit our sins, and we repent of them, and we make our blunders and abide by them, and we have our heresies, and are not always ashamed of them; but, in the main, we are a people whose God is the Lord, and to whom the honor of Jesus Christ is a responsibility, and to whom the progress of His Church is an interest. After all, we feel a wound in the one, and a sneer at the other in one thousand and one ways, to be sure, but we do respond to them, and we do not respond readily to those influences which aim them, albeit in the garb of very peace on earth and good-will to men.

"A fling at Christian missions to Christless countries; a stab at the convictions of good people that the balladance is a degradation to womanhood, (and manhood too, Heaven knows!) a slur on the honest, painstaking, soul-saving, blundering, human, Christian pulpit; a hit at the laborious conscientiousness of the average church-member in striking his balance against the 'currents and counter-currents' of modern thought, work inestimable injury. The best cause in the world must be hindered by them. No cause can afford them. Just so far as the movement for Woman Suffrage, and all that stands in the shadow of it, evinces respect for, and appeals to, the respect of Christianity, it will succeed. Just so far as it estranges itself from Christianity, it will totter and fall. It will never be a success except as the elements of the Christian religion are in it. Let it not be the fault of the movement or of its leaders if the common people, the common good people, people who go to church in 'good and regular standing,' and have family prayers, and ask a blessing at their tables, and give to foreign missions, and read their Bibles every night, do not hear them gladly.

"Beautiful upon the mountains are the feet of him that bringeth God's tidings. Involve the cause of woman thoroughly in the cause of Christ, and His triumphant future shall be hers. The world, on the whole, for a world is quick to say, 'Blessed is he that cometh in the name of the Lord!'"

A correspondent of the *Boston Transcript* tells of a Ku Klux barbarism at Fitchburg, near Berea, Kentucky, on a Mr. Wheeler, a Christian farmer. His story is at-

tested by Rev. Mr. Fairchild, President of Berea College, and Rev. J. G. Gee, pastor of the Church of the Bereans. He went to Fitchburg, called on some colored people who had been students at Berea, took tea with a colored family, went to prayer-meeting at a colored church. Coming home they attacked him, and he escaped. But in the night he says,—

"I was called up by a cry, 'Open the door.' I looked cautiously out and saw, by the light of the furnace fires, twenty or thirty men in line, some or all with guns. Several were soon at our door shaking it violently, and calling, 'Open the door; you shan't be hurt.' My wife said, 'O, what shall we do?' 'Pray,' said I; 'Jesus will take care of me.' Knowing that resistance would be more than useless, I opened the door. There stood the landlord with a light, and a half-dozen men, who seized me, dragged me down stairs, and rushed me barefoot over the cinders, the leader shouting, 'Fall in, file left, double quick.' Meantime, the leader pounded me with his fist, uttering the most terrible curses and oaths. In reply to some threats of theirs I said, 'I love Jesus, and He will take care of me.' 'Yes,' said they, 'you Methodist hypocrite, you'll see how Jesus will take care of you when you are hanging twenty feet high.' I said, 'You may hang me, but you cannot harm me.' About a quarter of a mile from town they halted at a large log, the leader seized me by the hair, another by the feet, and stretched me over the log, and two strong men began to whip me with large hickory whips. After they had struck several times (I counted thirty-nine blows) they stopped for a parley.

"Their only accusation against me was that I was a Northern man with Northern principles; that I associated with 'niggers,' and had come to establish a 'nigger' school. I told them that I was formerly from Michigan, and held Northern principles, but had no intention of establishing a colored school. They said, 'You must give up your principles.' I replied, 'I cannot.' 'Then we will whip them out of you.' 'This,' said I, 'you cannot do.' 'Then we will hang you.' I said, 'This will not kill my principles.' They added a dozen lashes, then took me to a spring, and, at my request, let me drink. They asked if I had a family, and if I wished to write them. I said, 'If I never hoped to see them again, I would.' The officers retired for consultation, and determined to give me ten more lashes, and an hour to leave town. As my business was done, and we were expecting to go at daylight, I promised to leave within the time. 'Now boys,' they said, 'give it to him.' I folded my arms, and they gave me ten lashes about my shoulders. I was very thankful that I could receive the blows in a new place. Having sworn most awful vengeance if I should reveal their names, they let me go. It was so dark I could not distinguish any faces.

"While I was gone from the hotel my wife entreated in vain for some persons to follow after me. Though there were twenty or thirty lodgers at the hotel, and many of the company's hands within easy call, no one seemed inclined to do anything about it.

So much it still costs to serve the Lord in Kentucky. That "dark and bloody ground" is still true to its earliest name. "How long, O Lord, how long!"

The Universalists didn't "do no notice" to Hosea Ballou. They made his natal Sunday a commemorative day. Even *The Universalist* had ten or a dozen editorial lines on his centennial, though it has not yet published Rev. Mr. Putnam's interesting memoir. It prefers to occupy its columns with a well-written discourse from its editor on the "Perils of a Liberal Faith," which are wisely ascribed to "intellectual audacity," "moral apathy," and "tendency to secularism," all of which is true except the "intellectual," the audacity of liberalism having as little in it of mind as of heart, of reason as of faith. If the paper got up by Mr. Ballou, and run on his lines for thirty years, declines to dwell on his merits, the speakers, at his own church in School Street, were a little bolder. Even Dr. Sawyer, who, *The Leader* says, was the chief instrument in the overthrow of his dogma amongst his followers, had to eulogize him a little, though he only said, "He did not attract people to himself, personally, so much as to the truth." Rev. Mr. Cushman, Dr. Miner's junior pastor, waxed a little bolder, and declared it to be his belief, "that Universalism owed more of its power and strength to Father Ballou's life and teachings than to any other one human agency." Dr. Thayer also said, "The Universalist Church has grown up mainly through his labors," which is about as the *HERALD* and Mr. Putnam put it. Even the editor designs to use such very mildly-drawn compliments as these:—

"We cannot repress the conviction that in thus honoring the great apostle of our Church, we honor both ourselves and the cause of Christian truth."

If he is "the great apostle" of its "Church," why will it not endorse his chief view, and that which made him its "great apostle?" Not one of the speakers made the remotest reference to this view. No one would have dreamed that he was not fully endorsed by that jubilant company. But his life-work was utterly ignored. That idea, to which "Universalism owed more of its power and strength" than to all other preaching, had fallen so low, that on this day of especial commemoration, there was none so poor to do it reverence. Who will reverend Dr. Sawyer, and his pet idea, on his centennial birthday?



**CASTE IN PREACHERS' MEETINGS.**—The Preachers' Meetings of Washington and Baltimore are not freely participated in by the members of Washington Conference residing in these cities. They are hardly visited by them. Even this undistinguishable body, which has no Conference limits, is practically confined to the white brethren. The stationed ministers of their own church in those very cities are not treated as equals, or even as brethren. The Boston Preachers' Meeting elected John N. Mars, Vice President. Should the Baltimore Church elevate Bro. Brown, Presiding Elder, or the pastor of Sharp Street to that honor, it would be a good step towards the unification of the Conferences and the Churches. May all our brethren in these cities meet thus freely and lovingly together.

**THE NORTH END MISSION** was started by the Hanover Street Church a few years ago, and has grown to be the most successful "Home" in this city. Dr. Tourjée, Mrs. Gov. Clafin, Mrs. Motley, O. T. Taylor, esq., ex-Mayor Shurtleff, Maj. J. H. Chadwick, and other gentlemen and ladies have interested themselves in it, and it has gone on prospering and to prosper. Last week it opened from garret to cellar its spacious building, which was for years one of the worst brothels in that Black Sea. The damp cellar, filled aforesaid with bins of shame, is made into a sweet kitchen. The street floor, then a rum shop and dance hall, is now a hall for prayer-meetings, preaching, and festivals. The three upper stories are fixed up in neat rooms for temporary boarders. Fifty can be accommodated here, and over thirty have already applied for quarters, anxious to escape their sins and sorrows, and to lead lives of virtue and honor. The dedication services of the building were held last week Wednesday. Ex-Mayor Shurtleff presided, Rev. Messrs. Twombly, Brown, Manning, Parsons, E. O. Haven, Dr. Loring and others addressed the meeting. It was a joyful assembly, and no one enjoyed it better than its long-time faithful superintendent, Rev. Mr. Crowell, or its energetic President, Dr. Tourjée. It has cost nearly \$40,000. About \$28,000 are now owed upon it. Whoever would help one of the best of charities, let them send their gifts to the North End Mission. It has already brought many sons and daughters to repentance and to peace. It will many more.

The beauties of Conferences based on color, were seen in the late sessions of the Washington and Baltimore Conferences. The former sat at Frederic City, presided over by Bishop Simpson, the latter at Baltimore, the same week, under the charge of Bishop Janes. The despised Cinderella should have been invited to sit with its handsome and haughty sister. Not until this is done, will Methodism be true to its origin and Author in that section, or subdue it truly to Christ.

One of the oldest of our city landmarks, Scollay's Building, is gone. Cut off from its original mass half a century ago, it has stood between two narrow and crowded streets a generation too long. Though of little importance itself, hardly mentioned in our annals, it has for the last few years been on more tongues than any other building, as every horse-car driver north and south on every leading line, except one, has cried out, "Scollay's Buildings," as he passed this pile. Its last days have thus been its most famous. The Old State House, Dock Square pile, and perhaps even Faneuil Hall, will have to follow their venerated associate to the tomb of Old Boston. Of earth's buildings, as of its men, is the word true, "Dust thou art, and unto dust thou shalt return."

The Massachusetts House of Representatives have adopted the report favoring Woman Suffrage, by a vote of 78 to 76. Revolutions never go backward. The Senate will give it this year or next. The Governor is ready and willing. The two thirds necessary to its reference to the people will thus be reached soon. The *Tribune* quotes the vile stuff from Mrs. Woodhull's paper, written probably by that vilest of men (next to Charles Reade), Mr. Stephen Pearl Andrews, and claims that she is the leader in this movement. Let it condemn it as the Christian Abolitionists had to condemn the outrageous blasphemies of Henry C. Wright, Parker Pillsbury, and heaps more of that stuff, some of which got into the *Tribune*, and still gets in there. But the Massachusetts managers have disclaimed all such abominations, and steadily aimed at one aim, and therefore they are steadily gaining the victory.

The State having empowered a consolidation of the Boston Theological Seminary with the Boston University, the trustees of each corporation have effected a union. The notice of the agreement has been filed with the Secretary of State. Rev. Dr. Clark, Edwin H. Johnson, esq., and Hon. L. W. Pond have been elected trustees of the University from the trustees of the Seminary.

Rev. Mr. McDonald sends an interesting letter, which we publish, of the work they are engaged in on the Pacific Coast. He adds in a private note:—

"This meeting is pronounced by the ministers generally as one of remarkable power. I have some very interesting facts for you. Be assured that God is in this movement, and out of it will come great good to this land."

We have no doubt that such is the case, and that great results to Christ and His Church will attend this more than Presidential or royal, even a Christian progress.

Paris seems nearly over its bloody spasm. Issy, its strongest fort, has surrendered. Its leading General, Rossel, has resigned his command. Thiers will win, but whether to keep the government Republican, or to turn it over to the Orleans or the Bonapartes, is yet to be seen. The problem of France is beset with unusual difficulties. Three powers strive for its throne, royal, republican, imperial, and the great Christian sentiment that should sustain the people is gone. What we had to carry us through our civil war, the Church, is without power in Paris; and what power the corrupt Church has in the country is averse to Republicanism. Its road is long and dark to the goal it desires, and will ultimately reach.

Rev. Mr. Stubbs, in his report as Superintendent of Schools to the town of Lisbon, N. H., makes this strong statement. Who can deny its logical force?—

"Of illiterate persons in the United States, who cannot read or write to-day, we are told 3,000,000 are voters; at the same time, the 106,000 female teachers, to whom is entrusted the education of the 'nation's ward,' namely, 10,000,000 children, are not allowed to vote!"

Syracuse is getting under splendid headway. The University Park is bought, fifty acres; about quarter enough. The city has given over its \$100,000 to the University, and now a brother has bought the St. Charles Hotel property, worth \$120,000, and made a present of it to the Book Concern. It is to be the headquarters of the *Northern Advocate*, and the University Law School. The *Advocate* feels justly happy at going up higher, though its humble editor is still Lore, even as its energetic University Chairman, of vast bulk and nature, meekly calls himself only a Peck.

Central New York has made grand strides forward the last few years. Its victories will not let other wealthier localities sleep.

Near the bottom of the last column of the previous page, for "designs" read "deigns."

#### PERSONAL.

Rev. S. V. Blake, pastor of the Monument Street M. E. Church, Baltimore, died in his parsonage, the 9th inst., after a sickness of four weeks. He has been a prominent member of that Conference for many years, and was one of its last delegates to the General Conference. His best deed, which honors him above all his Conference brethren, and will make him long to be remembered, was in allowing a service of thanksgiving in his church last New Year's day for the Emancipation, and for refusing to stop the exercises at the entreaty of a few of his timid members. David Creamer, esq., is a member of his congregation. He died happy in the Lord—declaring that the Gospel he had preached was his complete support, and his hope of salvation was in Christ alone. His last sentence was, "Jesus is inexpressibly precious," and his last word, "Victory!"

Gen. Butler gave an able address at the Zion's Methodist Episcopal Church in North Russell Street, last week, Monday, Charles Remond, esq., presided. He defended the patriotism, valor and morals of the negro in the South. His words were received with great applause.

Rev. W. D. Malcom, editor of the *Vermont Messenger*, has lately lost a promising son of fifteen years. No words can express his loss or the sympathies of his many brethren.

Rev. I. J. P. Collyer, of Boston Highlands, has been dangerously sick. He is improving, and hopes are entertained of his speedy recovery. Few brethren have done greater or better service than he, but late labors have prostrated him. May the Lord yet give him many more souls as his hire.

Rev. H. P. Hall, of this city, has been very dangerously sick, but is slightly better. Though of feeble health for many years, he has been enabled to do much excellent work for the Master. He has been exceedingly joyful in all his tribulations.

Miss Sarah L. Joy is writing for the *Boston Post* a series of very interesting articles on the life of the poor and outcast classes in North Street. They are admirably done, and are exciting great interest. Miss Joy is

one of the most promising and talented of the female journalists, who are now becoming a power in the land. We are glad to see the *Post* engaged in such good work. It only needs to change its politics to be the best, as well as the brightest paper in New England. It is too bad that so much talent should be wasted in the service of Democracy.

Rev. E. O. Haven's lectures before the Boston Theological Seminary last week, on "Christianity and Current Thought," were very well received by the large audiences that attended them. He handled the modern pseudo-scientific foes to Christianity with piquancy and power. He showed how all materialism and spiritualism found a common and reconciling centre in the religion of Christ, and how irreconcilable they were out of Christ. They will prove of much benefit to those who hear them.

Dr. Bond has sunk his *Baltimore Advocate* in the St. Louis. Bad for Baltimore, but good for St. Louis. He has of late done good service in his defense of Christian doctrine and practice against the current heresies and follies of the day. The theatre has been handsomely handled, and the South faithfully rebuked for its arrogance and ignorance. He may yet grow in grace and Methodism enough to take his father's former seat, or even get radical enough to be called to the New England chair editorial. Who knows?

Gov. Clafin has taken a new step towards Woman's political equality. He has nominated Mrs. Julia Ward Howe and Miss Mary Stevens to be Justices of the Peace in the County of Suffolk. The latter lady is a conveyancer, No. 5 Pemberton Square, in the firm of E. J. Stevens & Daughter. We give this advertisement for nothing, but they will soon be too common for such notice. They will pay then. What will anti-suffragists say to this act? If Justices, then Judges; and if on the supreme bench, why not in the Executive chair? 'Tis the first step that costs. Mrs. Livermore and Mrs. Stone must hurry up their legal titles, or Mrs. Howe will get the first nomination for Governor by the Republicans, and all those who never bolt for principles' sake, will vote the whole ticket. It will be a great improvement on the present rum and water alliance. Woman and water is a good war-cry, and a great improvement on the old bacchanal cry, Woman and wine! Clafin and Howe is a good ticket. Give it to us this fall, Mr. Bird.

Sir John Frederick William Herschel, the only son of the great astronomer, and himself an astronomer of world-wide repute, died at London on the morning of the 12th, at the age of seventy-nine.

A National Camp-meeting will be held at Salt Lake City, June 9. The Pacific Railroad propose an excursion to the meeting, and return from the Atlantic cities for \$150, a hundred dollars reduction. They will also allow the party, if fifty will go, to continue to San Francisco at like reduced rates. It is a splendid time of year to cross the continent, and especially excellent is the opportunity to attend a good camp-meeting in Sodom itself. We hope a large company will go, and help Bros. Inskip, McDonald, and Boole, in their extraordinary work.

A white church was dedicated at Atlanta, last week. Services by Revs. Drs. Reid and Cobleigh. Over \$5,000 were raised. It does not appear that any colored brother took part in the services, or was present in the congregation. Farther South, at a late dedication of a white church, it was said that the colored brethren looked in at the windows. When will the Church there outgrow this folly, and admit all its brethren to all its services? It is excessively harmful to the cause of Christ. The *Atlanta Advocate* steadily and earnestly pleads for a colored Bishop. Will it also plead against this most unchristian exclusiveness? Rev. J. A. Knowles, the pastor of the church, is doing as well as anybody can under such fetters. He will yet feel their weight, and cast them off. Let him begin by exchanging pulpits with his brethren in the same Conference, in that city. Christ will bless and prosper him, if he thus follows His example.

**THE HANDEL AND HAYDN FESTIVAL.**—Boston was crowded last week with the militia and the musicians. The Grand Army of the Republic, the Army of the Potomac, and the Handel and Haydn Triennial Festival, kept the city alive with patriotism and melody. The festival was held from Tuesday to Sunday, and consisted of oratorios, symphonies, and solos, Elijah, the Ninth Symphony, Israel in Egypt, the Messiah, Bach's Passion Music, and other great pieces were rendered. Seven hundred and fifty singers, and a hundred instruments composed the choir. Dr. Upham and Mr. L. B. Barnes, the chiefs of the society, and Carl Zerrahn, the great conductor, have done themselves honor in this feast of song and soul. As one hears the mighty choruses swelling, a mountain wave of melody and majesty, he appreciates, as through a deafened sense, darkly, the voices of that multitude, that no man can number, who ascribe honor, and glory, and power, and blessing to Him that sitteth on the throne, and to the Lamb forever. There is no other place in America that can get up such festivals. Even the *Tribune* correspondent, with the old initials back again of the Peace Jubilee, is without sneers to-day, and full of praises. That converted, there remains no farther worlds for these musical managers to conquer. The superb service is a good prelude to the International Jubilee which is to come off



next year in this city, and which is to make all previous festivals and jubilees, here and everywhere, as though they had never been heard.

**NEWS NOTES.**—It is reported that the Treaty of Washington will be ratified by the Senate without amendment, although there is some movement in the opposition. — The treaty meets with the approbation of both English and Canadians generally, and with all well-regulated Americans. — Up to our going to press, the position of affairs was unchanged in and around Paris. The Communists are evidently losing ground. The furniture of the royal palaces has been sold. — The Grand Army had a grand time in this city last week. Logan, Hooker, Meade, Pleasanton, Sheridan, and all the big guns, except the two biggest, were on hand.

The second session of the United General Assembly of the Presbyterian Church sits in Chicago this week. The second Annual Meeting of the Woman's Missionary Society of the Methodist Episcopal Church also meets in Chicago this week. These Presbyterian sons, and Methodist daughters will make that already overproud city beyond containment. Luckily for it, the sessions will be short, and its exaltation will not be strained beyond endurance.

Persons wishing to attend the East Maine Conference which convenes at Dexter, May 31, will have free return tickets on "Sandford's Line" of steamers. The *Cambridge* or *Katahdin* leaves Foster's Wharf, Boston, every Monday, Wednesday, and Friday, at 5 P. M., arriving in Bangor the next day, in season to take the cars for Dexter, which is only thirty miles distant. Fare to Bangor and back only \$3.00. Return tickets will be given over the railroad from Dexter to Bangor also.

Brethren coming to the East Maine Conference over the Boston and Maine, Eastern, Maine, Central Piscataquis, European and North American, and Portland and Kennebec roads, by paying full fare to Conference, may receive a free return ticket by calling on Bro. E. M. Tibbets, at the church.

All coming over these roads to Conference, will change cars at Newport. Those who prefer to board their teams can do so at the livery stables for 50 cents per day, on hay, and \$1.00 on hay and oats.

Preachers who change their residences, will please send us their present post-office address as soon as convenient. It will be impossible to address all their papers correctly without such information, as the names of places that appear in the appointments may differ very much from their post-office address.

It does not seem to be generally understood by our churches that a pure wine, free from drugs and alcohol, for sacramental purposes, is in the market. Dr. Hayes, the State Assayer, says of Dr. Welch's Fresh Juice of the Grape: "It is entirely free from alcohol; and one fluid ounce contains two hundred and twenty-seven grains of fluid extract and saccharine matter, free from deleterious substances of any kind. This is not an alcoholic or intoxicating wine." There is no doubt but this is the "new" or "sweet" wine of the Scriptures. As a beverage for invalids it is invaluable, containing only the essential properties of the grape. The sole agent for the New England States, is Wm. H. Douglas, 637 Tremont Street, Boston. The advertisement appears in our columns to-day.

**EASTERN RAILROAD.**—This enterprising company have just added to their justly popular and accommodating line, the Pullman Palace Cars, not only at an unusual expense, but in fine taste. Parties, whether "bridal," or otherwise, will find themselves most elegantly provided for. Let Western tourists, or Eastern, not forget this. Excellence, as well as the seashore luxury of a summer ride.

## The Methodist Church.

### MASSACHUSETTS.

The Windsor Street Mission had a happy time last Sunday week. Dr. Clark, Messrs. Borrowscale and Scott spoke. A set of Benson's Commentaries was given to Mr. Wilson, who is sexton and all hands, who has done the work of many in his labors for the school. Father Prince, the Superintendent, never looked happier, and he always looks happy. Good prospects of better quarters open before it. It will yet become a great people.

**EVERETT.**—The new Methodist Chapel at Everett will be dedicated on Wednesday, the 24th of this month. Rev. I. G. Bidwell has accepted an invitation to preach the dedication sermon. The services will commence at 5 o'clock P. M., and continue through the evening. The ladies of the society have prepared a supper and entertainment for the evening, and ample preparation has been made for all who will favor the Church with their presence upon that occasion. A late hour in the afternoon was selected for the dedication services, in order that many who attend from the city might, without inconvenience, remain to the feast in the evening.

Bro. W. R. Bowen will deliver a poem at the table off the evening, and other speakers are expected. The Church at Everett has been struggling for a long time to erect a house of worship, and have succeeded in pushing forward the building of a neat gothic chapel, equal to their requirements; but on the day of its completion it will stand burdened with a debt considerably beyond the power of the society, unaided, to carry comfortably. To give all who are willing to lend them a hand, with however slight a lift, the Committee propose to make a light charge of fifty cents for the supper and entertainment of the evening. We trust that all who love to see God's kingdom spreading, will make an effort to be present at the dedication services of this young and feeble, but determined Church. The horse-cars of the Middlesex line run half-hourly from Scollay's Building directly by the church.

**SUDBURY.**—A good work has been in progress in Sudbury since Conference Sunday, under the labors of Bro. Johnson, of

Webster. Twenty-three have been forward for prayers, and the greater number have found peace in believing.

**STATE STREET, SPRINGFIELD.**—A new name to Methodism seems likely to become a familiar one ere long. The Union Street Society people have too long been suffering from a poor situation and a third class edifice, and contemplate the erection soon of a first class church on State Street, a leading thoroughfare. Measures to secure a lot have already been taken, and pledges to a large amount have been made.

**CONWAY.**—The new pastor, Bro. W. H. Cook, was well received, and large audiences greet him weekly, while the hall is too small for the evening audiences, and a new church is a question of only a few months' time.

**FLORENCE.**—In January, a Church was formed in this lovely village, and reported to Conference a membership of 20. Bro. Bishop finds there warm hearts and willing hands. At a recent Sabbath evening prayer-meeting 350 were present.

**NORTHAMPTON.**—The wisdom of the Cabinet in appointing Bro. G. W. Mansfield to this important and rapidly growing charge is already apparent. The pews have already rented for \$2,600, with an uninviting church edifice. A new church is projected in a fine situation, very near the spot where Jonathan Edwards used to scout the idea of salvation for all.

**HEATH.**—Up on the mountain, near Hoosac Tunnel, rejoices in the prospects for this Conference year. A good congregation of over a hundred, a united Board, good social meetings, a willingness for, and heartiness in labor, are all indications that the little handful of corn on the top of the mountains may yet bear fruit which shall shake like Lebanon. In this town are two churches of other denominations without steady preaching, and yet the Methodists are obliged to worship in the contracted town hall.

**GRACE CHURCH, WORCESTER.**—The pastor, Rev. A. McKeown, writes:—

God is still carrying on in Grace Church, Worcester, his work of saving souls. Every Sabbath evening since Conference our altar has been surrounded by penitents. Last Sabbath fourteen were baptized, and a large number received into the Church on profession of faith and by letter. This is a most hopeful and encouraging field of labor, and the brethren and sisters are sustaining us nobly by their prayers and efforts. We have great burdens, responsibilities, and opportunities; but we are doing God's work, and He will carry us through. Let me bespeak for my dear people, in their noble work, the prayers and sympathies of those who love Zion.

Bro. Dorchester's historical discourse on Methodism in Worcester and vicinity, given in Trinity Church the 30th ult., was a fine production, and gave great satisfaction.

**FITCHBURG.**—Rev. A. D. Sargeant writes of the Second Methodist Episcopal Church:—

This society has been in a process of organization for about two years. It is in a flourishing town, that has become one of the largest in the Commonwealth, with about 12,000 inhabitants. A company of about twenty-five of the First Church, nearly all living in the southerly part of the town, a half mile or more distant from the Methodist Episcopal house of worship, desire to establish a meeting at or near the depot. They engaged the services of an ordained local preacher in good standing, and opened a meeting at the locality named. Under him a class was formed, and a similar number in that part of the town, who were from different localities both in and out the Commonwealth, became identified with them, they having certificate of membership in the Methodist Episcopal Church.

My services commenced there the last Sunday in November, 1870, and now there is a membership of between 65 and 70, over forty more than the original members of the First Church. There have been conversions nearly, if not quite, every month since November last; congregations good; Sunday-school numbers 136 at this date, and is increasing nearly every week. They have 250 volumes in their library; present last Sabbath, 78; social meetings well sustained by an active membership.

The Presiding Elder was present May 5, and the organization of a Quarterly Conference was completed. This society is destined to accomplish a great work, and if the Methodists of Fitchburg do their duty, a third society will be called for in less than ten years to come. The Lord send prosperity. Aggression and progression are the life of Methodism.

**METHUEN.**—Rev. J. Noyes writes:—

The church building enterprise at this place, undertaken under the most discouraging circumstances, is progressing finely. It is expected that the house will be ready for dedication about the last of July. A Fair was held under the auspices of the Ladies' Society, during the first week in April, from which between eleven and twelve hundred dollars was realized.

The ladies were greatly indebted to friends from abroad for valuable contributions; also, to the Congregationalist Society of the place, which very generously, and we think with unusual Christian magnanimity, furnished a most splendid table. The other denominations also responded nobly by contributions and by generous patronage.

The society has also been the recipient of a splendid Bible, Hymn-book, Ritual, and Communion Service from dear old Father Norris, of Brooklyn, N. Y., who also had previously given one hundred dollars to this church enterprise.

About sixty dollars was realized from Bishop Simpson's lecture at Lawrence. "Marriage fees" are also coming in quite generously. We trust the brethren have all consecrated that next "marriage fee" according to request. We hope to be able to report what will at least be a novelty—that "marriage fees" contributed largely towards meeting the expense of building the beautiful church at Methuen. If any generous, noble-hearted brother or sister is groaning under conviction that he or she ought to present a church organ to some struggling society, bent on life and usefulness, we think the Methodist Episcopal Church of Methuen presents a most glorious opportunity. We shall not be impatient waiting a response.

### MAINE ITEMS.

"Yankee," in the *HERALD* of May 4, seems to think the Maine Conference "terribly thinned," for he says, "If any other Conference wants a smart man, they come right off down to Maine." This declaration of Yankee is as "true as preaching." And what he further says, "O what a lot of smart ministers have gone away from Maine," is equally true. Many of our interesting and really useful ministers have left us within a few years past. This we regret, but the Conference, nevertheless, survives. And it is believed that some of these "smart men," who have left the Maine Conference, are not happier, or more useful, or better provided for in their new fields than they were while they remained at home. Indeed, some of them have confessed as much. One of these said, not long ago, "I am satisfied that I have not bettered my condition by changing my Conference relations, and I would advise all my

brethren of the Maine Conference, who have any hold upon the affections of the preachers and people to remain at home, and make themselves as useful and happy as they can."

Last Sabbath was the first since the session of our Conference, and a glorious day it was to many of the charges. At Gorham (Rev. J. Collins, pastor, returned), the power of the Lord descended upon the people, day and evening. The Sacrament was a season to be remembered for a lifetime, and the prayer-meeting in the evening will not soon be forgotten. Much prayer was offered for the district (Portland), and for the new Presiding Elder (Rev. A. Sanderson), that the Holy Ghost might descend upon him, and that his labors might be abundantly blessed this Conference year. We have good reports from Saccarappa, Portland, and Augusta, and from various other portions of the Conference, and it is generally admitted that the appointments never gave better satisfaction.

The new church, in process of erection at North Gorham, promises to be a very neat and commodious structure. The builder, Mr. George N. Dockum, is far exceeding the expectations of the society, in the thorough and truly workmanlike manner in which he is executing his job, and the whole parish seem greatly delighted with the prospect of soon entering their new and much-needed place of worship. Rev. H. F. A. Patterson, the pastor of last year, who commenced this noble work, is returned for another year, much to the satisfaction of the people.

**WASHINGTON COUNTY.**—Rev. S. H. Beale writes:—

Since the camp-meeting holden at East Machias last season—at which the work commenced—there have been glorious revivals in most, if not all the charges in this region. I think, from personal observation and reliable testimony, the following is a moderate and just estimate of the number of clear and happy conversions up to the present time, in connection with Methodist meetings:—

In Bro. Davies' charge, including Northfield and Whitney, 200; in Bro. Mitchell's, including Columbia, 100; in S. H. Buck's, including Whitneyville, 125; in Bro. Townsend's, at Eastport, 100; in Bro. Rowe's, at Lubec, 50; at Cutler, 50; at Wesley, 50—675 in all.

The work is still going on with interest and power at Machias, Whitneyville, and elsewhere. Hope to hear a good report from Calais soon, as the brethren, Tupper and Davies, are now holding special meetings there. Nearly all these will be gathered into the Methodist Episcopal Church—the spirit's doctrines and usages of which, have largely and chiefly contributed to this grand result.

### EAST MAINE.

In addition to the revivals at Whitneyville and Northfield, there has been a wonderful work of grace at Wesley, Rev. B. C. Blackwood, pastor. It has brought into our society some of the most promising people of the town. Others, deemed almost hopeless, have come to Christ. We took the whole forenoon for the love-feast, and at the evening prayer-meeting a good number rose for prayers.

There has been a good revival interest at Deer Isle, Rev. S. L. Hanscom, and several have found the Saviour. Bro. Hanscom's return for a third year is very much desired.

Rev. B. B. Byrne, at Castine, and his people, have enjoyed recently some prosperity. I never knew three years to pass more pleasantly there. Bro. Byrne will leave with the good wishes and prayers of all good people. The death of Bro. Ray falls heavily upon the society. He was a noble, large-hearted man, and heaven seems partial to such, and takes them home. The district is enjoying spring revivals, as it had autumn and winter revivals. The Lay Delegates to the Electoral Conference, June 2, at Dexter, have been chosen.

I opened a copy of *The Advance*, the other day. The leading editorial was entitled, "Congregational Breadth;" and under the general head of "Church News," and the particular head of "M. E. Church," I found this precious bit: "Rev. Mr. —, a Methodist minister, was arrested for fraud." In a Church alive with revivals all over this nation, that was all the news this argus-eyed editor could find! Truly, the world is advancing, and such noble spirits will hasten the dawn of a brighter day! In the book entitled, "The Hand of God in History," it is said the Methodists in America number almost a million! All Methodists number over 2,300,000; or are equal to the author's own church (306,518), and two millions over! It is unwise to ignore the simple facts of history.

H.

### NEW HAMPSHIRE.

The appointments made at the recent session of our Conference seemed to be very satisfactory as a whole, to both preachers and people. Rev. H. Loomis, of the New England Conference, explained some of the sophistries of Second Adventism, to a crowded house, recently, in Seabrook. Two evenings were devoted to the work, and about two hours each evening. Where this trouble exists, no man is better able to furnish an antidote than Prof. Loomis.

Rev. O. H. Jasper, Presiding Elder of Dover District, will reside in Dover, as will also Rev. J. Thurston, whose health we regret to say was so feeble that he could not take work for this Conference year. Rev. D. Adams, who was stricken with paralysis in the winter, has also retired from active work, and will reside in Dover. Rev. A. A. Cleveland and his wife have been rendered unable by fever, up to this writing, to move to their new appointment in South Newmarket.

The Methuen Methodist Society cleared \$1,100 by their fair, which they held in their new church a few weeks ago.

### CURRENT NOTES.

Park Street Church, Cincinnati, has been changed to "St. John's."

Rev. J. F. McClelland has been compelled by ill-health, to retire from the pastorate of the St. Paul's Methodist Episcopal Church, Cincinnati.

Rev. Wm. Jackson sailed from London, March 10, for Nassau, Bahamas, to engage in the Wesleyan mission work. On the succeeding day, Rev. Solomon Matthews embarked at London for the mission work in Newfoundland.

The Protestant Methodist Church, at Myricksville, has come over to the Methodist Episcopal Church, and Rev. J. G. Gammons has been appointed pastor.



## The Christian World.

## MISSION FIELD.

"All the earth shall be filled with the glory of the Lord."—NUM. xiv. 21.  
**CHEERING NEWS FROM INDIA.**—The *Christian Star*, published at Lucknow, gives the following interesting statistics of the "India Mission Conference":—

"The reported number of church communicants is 1,067, or 296 more than last year; 400 adult and infant baptisms during the year; 35 Sunday-schools, with 1,177 scholars regularly attending; 3,369 boys and 1,074 girls in the day-schools. Revivals in Lucknow, Bareilly, Shahjehanpore, Budaon, and Moradabad; prospects were unusually hopeful. Among the visitors were Revs. Woodside of Dehra, Morrison of Umballa, Valentine of Jeypore, Wynkoop of Allahabad, Richards of Calcutta, Slater of Simla, Schneider of Agra, and Broadbent and Fuchs of Lucknow. Their visit added much to the interest of the Conference. Bro. Taylor was present and preached four times and lectured twice during the Conference. The mission has already enrolled its first thousand, and hope is cherished that these will be doubled during the year. The stations of the native helpers, preachers, exhorters, school teachers, and colporteurs, are all given with great care."

Rev. J. M. Thoburn writes: "God still blesses us in Lucknow. The congregation has far outgrown the capacity of our chapel, and we intend to enlarge it at once. The Sunday-school has an average attendance of 180, with 250 on the rolls. Souls are being saved almost daily. Bro. Taylor is in the Moradabad district. About 300 have been converted at his meetings since Conference. God be praised!" The conversion of the Brahmo preacher, a friend of the greater leader, Keshub Chunder Sen, who recently made such a stir in England, has produced quite an excitement in our mission in India. A notice of his conversion may be found in *ZION'S HERALD* of May 4.

**ROME.**—The truth, as it is in Jesus, is spreading in Rome. Bibles and tracts are circulated and read, and though some of them are gathered by the priests, and burned, others will be read. The true light is shining in that dark city. The following item comes to us:—

"The Waldenses now worship publicly in the city of Rome! O! how the world has changed and is changing! The noble protest of Father Hyacinthe was published in Rome, and 60,000 copies were sold in a few days. One of the daily newspapers published in Rome publishes an editorial, from which the following is an extract: 'Italy has a worse enemy in the Pope than France has in Prussia. The Papacy is not religion. It denies religion. It created Catholicism, but it kills Christianity.'"

**THE ZULU MISSION.**—This mission is in Southeastern Africa. The Lord has wrought great things among these wretched heathen. A native was recently ordained at Inanda, by the name of James Dube. The *Missionary Herald* describes him as follows:—

"James Dube is the son of Dube, who was the chief of the tribe, and is the half brother of the present chief. While he has renounced every rag and tatter of heathenism, he is still greatly respected by his people. They know him to be a true man, a wise man, inside and outside, a noble man. His height is over seventy-three inches, and his weight is not less than 195 pounds. Till he recently became a little too corpulent, his personal symmetry was about perfect. It is only a good eye that will see a faint trace of the African type in his speaking face. It is rare that a stranger sees him without asking, 'Who is that fine-looking man?' I do not know a black man who, in imposing personal appearance, is equal to the first native pastor of the church at Inanda. I say this simply to add, in few words, that in mind and religious character he is equal to his outward appearance. It was with the hearty approval of our whole mission that he has, ordained and we have a strong hope that he will prove himself to be a workman of whom we shall never be ashamed."

**SYRIA.**—The Rev. S. Jessup writes to the *Foreign Missionary*, that the Syria Mission is enjoying much prosperity. "The work in it is growing rapidly. New calls come to me from every direction. This month I have urgent applications for schools and preachers in three different places which are from thirty to fifty miles apart. Both at Satila and Hums there is very considerable spirit of awakening. At Hums several are anxious to unite with the Church, and urge me to come and examine them for this purpose. The last time I was there I received five into the communion. It fills my heart with joy to see how ready the Lord is to bless where we do even a tithe of our part. How much more we might expect if we could only do more for Him. I beg you to tell the churches to send the men for Tripoli (one a physician), just as soon as possible."

**HOW IT LOOKS.**—Not quite eight millions were expended last year in the United States for church buildings, ministerial education, the publication of Bibles and religious books, and home and foreign missions, while the consumption of artificial flowers in this country amounted to more than fifteen millions. Comment is unnecessary. When will the people of the United

States pay as much to convert this world to Jesus Christ, as they do for artificial flowers? When?

## GENERAL INTELLIGENCE.

## PRESBYTERIAN.

**THE PRESBYTERY OF BOSTON.**—The Presbytery of Boston held its spring meeting at Londonderry, N. H., on Tuesday and Wednesday, April 25, 26. The attendance was large, and the proceedings harmonious, and deeply interesting. The sermon was preached by Rev. Ira C. Tyson, the retiring moderator, from John iv. 10, after which Rev. Charles S. Durfee was chosen moderator, and Rev. A. C. Roe, temporary clerk. Interesting reports, full of hope, were presented from the different churches. Revs. William House, of Londonderry, Ira C. Tyson, of Bedford, N. H., James B. Dunn, of Boston, with Elders R. Gilchrist, of Boston, E. Rolfe, of Newburyport, and E. M. McPherson, of Boston, were chosen as Commissioners to the General Assembly. Mr. S. F. Calhoun, a member of the First Church, Boston, educated for the Romish priesthood, was examined for licensure, and, after a thorough and unusually creditable examination, was licensed to preach the Gospel. Mr. Calhoun is a young man of high scholarly attainments, a diligent student, and an eloquent speaker. He has preached in the First church, Boston, with great acceptance.

## EPISCOPAL.

**AN ARCHBISHOP COMING.**—The London correspondent of the *Free Press* says the Archbishop of Canterbury is coming to this country in May or June, and that he will be the guest of Bishop Potter. Possibly the correspondent of the *Free Press* is well informed, but we have our doubts, nevertheless. The Archbishop, at last dates, was in France, in feeble health. However, if he should come, the event will be an interesting one, for various reasons. At a time when not a few of our friends are meditating upon the possibility of having an Archbishop one of these days, to rule over our newly created Provincial Councils, the presence of the Primate of all England might help them to see the way clearer. As for the Archbishop himself, he will discover many things in the workings of the Church, or rather the churches here, which will be likely to convert him to the disestablishment party, when he returns to Lambeth Palace. In any event, he may count upon a cordial welcome. — *Episcopalian*.

The beautiful hymn, "I would not live away," was written forty-six years ago, by Rev. Dr. Muhlenberg, Rector of St. Luke's Hospital, New York. As now used, the hymn has but half its original number of verses.

## ROMAN CATHOLIC.

**CATHOLIC CHOIRS.**—The *Western Watchman* (Roman Catholic) objects to the employment of paid singers in churches: "Presbyterians, Baptists, Methodists, Jews and infidels are introduced to our choirs to sing out in chorus the Creed. They are paid to shout lies to heaven, to roar in operatic quavertines a faith which they in their hearts despise and ridicule. We pay them to sing our solemn mockeries set to music to tickle the ears of worldly Christians. A Jew singing, 'I believe in Jesus Christ.' A Methodist soloing, 'and in one baptism.' A Baptist melodiously protesting that he believes in 'One Holy Catholic and Apostolic Church.' An infidel sounding forth in masterly cadences the 'Vilam Ventari saculi.' Absurd! Sacrilegious! Blasphemous! It is a wonder that God does not strike with muteness these desecrators of His sanctuary."

## Our Social Meeting.

Laurel Street, Worcester, will always wear the laurel, despite the big churches down in the city, as this note from "A member of Laurel Street M. E. Church," well shows:—

## A WORD FROM LAUREL STREET, WORCESTER.

You stated, most truly, in your issue of May 4, that "Trinity, Worcester, had a big day last week Tuesday, and deserved it." You also spoke of "the other leading society, equally deserving and prosperous, and the lesser lights of the same order shining their best." As Worcester Methodists, we do not fully understand what you mean by "the other leading society." Probably you refer to Laurel Street, as, according to Bro. Noon's statistics she stood, at that time, first on the district, on Benevolent Operations, and only second in the Conference. It must be admitted, too, that she is a church on a hill in this city, constantly giving light to the other churches, and that she has been continually doing a vast amount of missionary work, for which she will never receive full credit in this world. We have, also, an excellent "Pond" in our Church, from which much is drawn for the benefit of other churches in this city and elsewhere. We do not, however, arrogate to ourselves the title of being "the other leading society." The assumption would be invidious in us. Neither do we look down upon the other churches as being "the lesser lights," but are willing to go on hand in hand with "Trinity," "Grace Church," and "Webster Square," laboring for the glory of God and the good of men. And "best of all is, God is with us."

We let a brother utter his dark sayings on a new paper that is smart, but does not make smart, because it strikes truth, and not error.

## AN ANTI-CHRISTIAN PERFECTION.

What a perfect marvel for "honeyed phrase" is the *Golden Age*. In these wide-awake, earnest and down-

right times, its saintly and generous spirit is wonderfully refreshing. It goes its little round with the lamb-like gentleness of the traditional Hibernian at Donybrook Fair, and out of sheer goodness and unmitigated peacefulness, plies its benison of the shillelah on every head it sees. It is one of the youngest of the family of journals, and not over large of its age, but the indiscriminating vivacity of its infantile kicks must lead the financial nurses having it in charge to croon often in its gentle ears the old couplet,—

"Wiggle, wiggle pollywog,  
 Or you'll never be a frog."

When just nine weeks old by the calendar, it drives into Orthodox Christianity, denominationalism, and the like, some five times on its page. It is just a little funny to see it pile it on so steep, because THE HERALD prefers to be true to its convictions of duty and doctrine, while it is itself apparently unconscious of (to copy its adjectives) an "intense and shriveling" bigotry, which sees nothing but loveliness in the pseudo-liberalism of the day, and strikes either openly or covertly at everything evangelical. It can't see how a man can be full of charity, and yet be true to Christ and his truth. In its pure and generous eyes, the man who builds according to the doctrine of a Divine Christ, as revealed in the New Testament, and fearlessly applies its truth, is the bigot and sectarian, while the man who pulls down is the liberal and the saint. When it is genuinely converted to Christ, it will know how to overflow with love to all, and at the same time to hate all wrong, and fight it unceasingly and unsparingly."

A Maine brother speaks kindly of a page of the paper to which many contribute, and for which they deserve his thanks:—

## OUR FIRST PAGE.

There is always something heart-cheering and encouraging on the first page of the HERALD. On its arrival I seek the first page for something to invigorate my spirit, and to quicken my sluggish soul on the King's highway, and seldom fail to be blest in so doing. Christ is a glorious portion, saith my soul, and O how good to know that there are those who by the silent use of their pens, are sending lines of comfort into the homes of so many thousands. . . . Please insert this in the HERALD, and perhaps some one may be induced by it to read more carefully this particular page.

Rev. R. H. Howard has a word on—

## TWO MISSIONARY BOARDS.

This sentence, in an editorial note, arrests my attention: "Not till the Foreign and Domestic work is separated will the former receive the attention it deserves." Ever since the Missionary Society has been represented as on the brink of bankruptcy, I have wondered why measures have not been adopted looking towards the inauguration of this policy, and why you editors and others have not spoken out, and vehemently urged it. Here we are warned and admonished that unless we make an extraordinary and desperate effort, the Missionary Society must go under, and yet we insist upon taking this dead weight of the Domestic work too, and thus imperiling, and fatally embarrassing the Foreign.

Now, then, nearly all my members who exert themselves to do something for the missionary cause, do so with the expectation of reaching the foreign field. Every sewing-woman, factory-girl, or farmer's wife, every little child, and every grown person, nearly, who exerts himself to save a dollar for the Missionary Treasury, is cheered by the pleasing fancy that his or her mite is going directly to the distant heathen. They are led to think so from all that they read and hear. All the appeals of the preacher proceed upon the glowing accounts he has just given of the condition of things in heathendom. How unfair now, when these persons have thus exerted themselves to bless the benighted heathen, the \$85 or \$100 they make out to raise, should go right down to the very next village to help that society eke out their minister's salary, and so encourage their parsimoniousness. If I were to state these things in my pulpit, and so disabuse and disenchant the minds of my people, I do not believe I should raise \$25. The *Independent* makes a good point concerning this matter this week:—

"The home mission work should be distinct from the foreign. A foreign missionary once complained with much force, that the foreign work beat the bush, and the home work caught the game. The Methodist Church ought to treat her people more frankly than to obtain money for home missions on the strength of an enthusiasm for the work abroad."

The case is greatly aggravated by our lavishing hundreds and thousands of dollars on appointments where, by running them into circuits, this amount might easily be saved, and with it pay off our debts. But if the work is divided, and the people see fit, and prefer to give the bulk of the missionary money to the home work, we shall have nothing to say—shall not find a word of fault. But I am satisfied that the present system of our Church in regard to missions is bad, and I do not see why our papers and leaders do not go for its reconstruction in this regard.

Rev. John Allen, "camp-meeting John," has a complimentary word for his new home in—

## MAPLEWOOD, MASS.

Having taken up my residence for the present in this most delightful and beautiful place, I take this method of giving my opinion in regard to its desirableness as a residence for business men of Boston. It is only eighteen minutes run from Maplewood depot to Boston by Saugus branch train, which passes and repasses some seven or eight times a day. The post-office is kept in the depot. The inhabitants are mostly Americans, an excellent, peaceful class; they are minding their own business, I should judge, to good advantage.



In regard to religious privileges, there are two chapels, one a Methodist, where they have stated preaching on the Sabbath, with common social services during the week. The Baptists, I think, do not have preaching, but a Sabbath-school, and other social meetings in their house. There is a nice grammar-school, with several departments, and a few small stores. The scenery around this place is most delightful, and water pure. House lots are now selling at a very reasonable rate, but are rising fast, as people are becoming acquainted with this desirable and beautiful place. If you have any doubts in regard to what I have said, please come and see for yourself, and I am confident you will say the one half has not been told.

## The Farm and Garden.

Prepared for ZION'S HERALD, by JAMES F. C. HYDE.  
Any person desiring information on subjects in this department will please address its Editor, care of ZION'S HERALD.

### POTATOES.

BY ALEXANDER HYDE.

This is the season in the Northern States for planting potatoes; and a few suggestions as to soils, varieties, and modes of planting and cultivation may be timely. The potato is a universal favorite. It is found daily on the tables of the rich and poor, and is so easily raised that there is no necessity for its market price ranging so high as it has done for the last ten years. The disease which at one time threatened the extermination of this valuable esculent, that ranks fifth among the agricultural products of the country, has so far subsided, that crops like those of the olden times are now raised again. With proper selection of soil, fertilizers, and varieties, we can count on a crop of three or four hundred bushels to the acre with more certainty than we can count on chickens before they are hatched. With such a yield, farmers can well afford to sell them at half the current rates.

The first requisite for a good crop is a good soil. Potatoes can be made to grow on almost any soil, with sufficient preparation, just as we can educate almost any boy with an unlimited expenditure of effort. But, as there is such a thing as a natural capacity for learning, so there is such a thing as a natural adaptation of soil for the growth of potatoes; and it is far easier to select such a soil than to prepare an uncongenial one. A sandy loam, well supplied with vegetable matter, produces the largest quantity and best quality of potatoes. They will grow in a clay loam; but, if the clay is in excess, they are apt to be solid and watery. The potato delights in a soil that is well aerated, and in none other will it attain that farinaceous quality which all potato lovers so much fancy. Old ground will produce good tubers if it is sufficiently porous and rich; but, to insure success, we should advise selecting sod-land, and inverting the furrows at an angle of 45 degrees, so that they will lap on each other, and give an air chamber under each furrow-slice.

During the prevalence of the potato disease we avoided all fresh, nitrogenous manures, as having a tendency to produce the rot, and to render the grain and flavor less delicate. The fear of rot has pretty much passed; still, we prefer well composted manure for potatoes, and apply it near the surface, incorporating it well with the soil by thorough harrowing. Some may smile at the idea of flavor in the potato being an object worthy of consideration in its cultivation. But there is as much difference in the flavor of potatoes as in the different waters we drink; and, as that water is best which least reminds us of any particular flavor, so that potato is best which has the least taste. If this esculent were flavored with roses, or lemons, or vanilla, it would not be so universal a favorite, and would not be found on our tables each day in the year. Grown directly on fresh, nitrogenous manure, it is apt to have a strong taste. The analysis of the potato shows that nitrogen is not a leading element in its composition, as it only amounts to 1.5 per cent. We have raised large and excellent crops of potatoes on rich sod-land, without any nitrogenous manure.

The potato is emphatically a potash plant, as its ash shows, being composed in 100 parts: of potash, 55; magnesia, 5; soda, 2; phosphoric acid, 12; sulphuric acid, 13; silica, 4; common salt, 7; lime, 2. This inorganic analysis clearly indicates what fertilizers the potato crop requires. Wood-ashes contain all the above inorganic constituents of the potato; and when these can be obtained, no commercial fertilizer can be applied which will prove so effectual, and at the same time so economical. Ashes are not to be found everywhere, and, as a substitute, we would recommend for an acre of potatoes 400 pounds of bone flour, the same amount of plaster, 100 pounds of fine salt, 3 bushels of hen manure, and half a cord of dry muck or charcoal dust. The whole should be thoroughly mixed, and allowed to stand for a few days, when a large handful in each hill of potatoes will be found to produce great results.

The proper mode of planting in drills is by cutting a good-sized potato into four or five pieces, and dropping these a foot apart in the drills. There is no danger of the above composition coming in direct contact with the seed. Planting should be done mostly by horse-power. The furrows should be made three feet apart, so as to allow free cultivation. If a concentrated fertilizer, like the above, is used, boys can scatter it in the furrows, while others drop the seed, and the ploughman cover as he goes one way, making a new furrow as he returns. A skillful ploughman, with the aid of three or four boys, can thus plant five acres in a day.

What variety shall we plant? is one of the most im-

portant questions in potato culture. Thanks to Messrs. Goodrich and Brezee, we have some varieties which are hardy, productive, farinaceous, well-formed, and pleasant flavored. Mr. Goodrich introduced to us the Garnet Chili, one of the most vigorous and productive potatoes we have ever known; but ill-shaped, with deep eyes, and not of the finest grain or flavor. The Harrison, another of Mr. Goodrich's seedlings, is a great producer, but lacking in fineness and flavor. The Early Goodrich is of better quality, and the finest early potato we had, till supplanted by the Early Rose. For the latter we are indebted to Mr. Brezee, who started it from the seed of the Garnet Chili. No potato has met with such universal favor, East, West, North, and South, as the Rose. It is known everywhere, and needs no praise. The King of the Earlies, another of Mr. Brezee's seedlings, is little if any earlier than the Rose, and not equal to it in quality. Brezee's No. 2 (the prolific, have disappointed us in their productiveness; but they are a well-formed, excellent table potato, better in the spring than in the autumn. His No. 6 (the Peerless) bids fair to be the coming potato. They are very productive, yielding from four to six hundred bushels to the acre. At a trial before a jury of thirty gentlemen, ignorant of the names of the Rose and Dover, the Peerless was pronounced the best. We have eaten them to-day, both baked and boiled, and do not hesitate to rank them with Peach Blows, Mercers, or any other variety we have ever tried, the Carters always excepted. We therefore recommend for an early potato the Rose; for a general crop the Peerless. — Independent.

PARSONS' NEW WHITE MIGNONETTE. — This is a new variety, recently imported from Europe, and described as being vastly superior to anything yet grown. It is nearly pure white in color; the spikes are large, and beautifully shaped, and in odor exceedingly strong. One pot of it will perfume a whole house. At four of the European exhibitions for 1870, it received the highest premium awarded to flowers.

## Obituaries.

Rev. JOHN N. COLLIER was suddenly killed at Auburn-dale, Mass., Feb. 11, 1871, aged 39 years.

Bro. Collier was favored in the early religious training by pious parents, and when a youth commenced to "walk in newness of life." Feeling, soon after his conversion, that a dispensation of the Gospel was committed to him, he entered the Seminary at East Greenwich, to commence the work of preparing for the holy ministry. He was a bright and diligent student, and brought all his acquisitions to bear upon his life-work. In the spring of the year 1856 he joined the Providence Conference, and was assigned, as his first field of labor, to Osterville, Mass. He continued to render efficient service as a minister until the war of the Rebellion broke out. He then enlisted as a private soldier in a Massachusetts regiment. He was patriotic and brave, and greatly endeared himself to his fellow-soldiers by his consistent Christian life. When the term of his enlistment in the army expired, he returned to his Conference, and to the work of preaching the Gospel.

He subsequently filled various appointments, with honor to himself, and profit to the people, until the spring of 1870, when he located. He removed to Auburn-dale, and entered into business, but still retained his attachment to the Church, and love for the ministry.

Bro. Collier was a preacher of more than ordinary ability. His sermons evinced thought and careful preparation, while his style of delivery was graceful and animated. He preached at times with great power, and was instrumental in "turning many to righteousness." He was an affectionate husband and fond father, and took great delight in his home, made cheerful by her, — his devoted wife, — who shared in his toils and triumphs.

On the morning of the day of his death he was very cheerful, and went to his business with a light heart, little thinking it was to be his last day on earth. Late in the afternoon, he saw from his shop-window that the station-agent, who was trying to remove two drunken men from the railroad track, needed help. He reached the road, but was immediately struck by an unob-served express train, and instantly killed.

Thus passed away a devoted and successful minister of Christ. May his afflicted family, in this darkened hour, share in the consolations of the Gospel he so dearly loved, and so faithfully preached. S. F. UPHAM.

DR. G. H. SHERMAN, only son of Daniel A. and Isabella G. Sherman, was born in Worcester, Mass., March 16, 1844, and died at his home in Millbury, March 26, 1871, aged 27 years and 10 days.

In June 27, 1866, he graduated at the Wesleyan Academy, Wilbraham, Mass., with high honor. From here he went to New York to study his chosen profession, and entered, as a student, Columbia College of Physicians and Surgeons, and graduated with the highest honors awarded by the institution, in the year 1868. In the fall of the same year he commenced the practice of medicine in Westfield, Mass., with success, where he remained one year and a half. A lover of science, he left Westfield, and entered the Sheffield Scientific School at New Haven, where he devoted several months to study. From here, he was called to go to New York, where he was engaged, with medical men, in investigating a new method of embalming dead bodies. On one occasion the poisonous gas escaping, with three others he was rendered insensible, and in that condition removed from the laboratory, narrowly escaping with their lives, at the time, but from the effects of which he never recovered. — the gas which was inhaled by the Doctor causing severe hemorrhage of the lungs. This was in the spring of 1870. His health constantly declining, disabling him from further practice, he started on a tour West and South, hoping favorable results from change of climate; but all in vain. He returned to his home to die, where he lingered many months a great sufferer.

Bro. Sherman was a member of the Methodist Episcopal Church, and was converted at the early age of 14 years. He retained his Christian moral integrity, and for weeks prior to his death enjoyed a blissful, triumphant experience. Entering into the fullness of Christ's salvation, and rising to the grandeur of sublime heights, his spirit soared to the realms of light. His last words were, "God is good; I thank him for all my suffering." S. A. FULLER.

N. Frankfield, April 20, 1871.

BROOK B. HALL died in Worcester, March 13, 1871, aged 27 years.

Bro. Hall was converted to God when quite young, and to the end of his mortal life "adorned the doctrine of God his Saviour." He was a young man of great promise in the

Church. He ardently loved the sanctuary, took a deep interest in the prosperity of Zion, was a faithful worker in the Sabbath-school and social meeting, and was also an efficient class-leader. But consumption marked him for its victim. His last sickness was borne in the spirit of Christian submission and trust in God. He had strong ties on earth; but he could say, "Good is the will of the Lord," and the closing moments of his life gave evidence of great peace and blissful assurance. May his young widow and their only surviving child be divinely supported by Him who is the "Judge of the widow and the Father of the fatherless." WM. PENTECOST.

Worcester, April 11, 1871.

PAGE MOORE died in Winterport, Me., March 4, aged 89 years.

Bro. Moore was born in Chester, N. H., and came to Winterport, then Frankfort, in 1816. He experienced religion, and joined the Methodist Episcopal Church some forty-five years since, and continued a consistent member till death. His house was always open to the servants of Christ, whom he cheerfully received and encouraged in their work. When near the close of life, as prayer was about to be offered, he remarked, "Do not pray that I may recover, but that my faith fail not." His end was peace. E. H. SMALL.

Winterport, April 10, 1871.

Died, in Poughkeepsie, N. Y., where he was attending school, of typhoid fever, FRANK L. CROSBY, of Bristol, N. H., aged 19 years, 10 months, and 27 days.

Bro. Frank was converted a little over one year ago, was baptized, and became a member on probation of the Methodist Episcopal Church in this place. His death was a great blow to the loving father and mother, brothers and sisters, whom he has left behind; but they mourn not as those who have no hope, for his confidence was in God, and in his dying hours he prayed for them all, and sent this dying message to his Bristol friends: "Tell them I died happy, and ask them to meet me in heaven." Then throwing his arms about his mother's neck, who was with him in his sickness, he expired in her arms. He was much beloved by all who knew him; and although his acquaintance was but short, in school he had attached to himself many warm student friends. A. E. DREW.

Bristol, N. H.

HETTIE L. SMITH died in Eastham, March 28, 1871, aged 33 years.

Sister Smith was for fifteen years a member of the Methodist Episcopal Church, in Orleans. Faithful in the discharge of duty, she won not only the esteem, but the affections of all who knew her. In the death of Sister Smith, the Church, the Sunday-school in which she was a teacher, the community and more than all, the family of which the deceased was a member, sustain a great loss. Her sickness covered a period of several months. She suffered intensely, but endured as seeing Him who is invisible. About a month previous to her death she received a wonderful baptism of the Holy Spirit. She had long desired such a visitation. She prayed earnestly and believingly for it. It came.

"Heaven came down her soul to greet,  
And glory crowned the mercy-seat."

She gave all, a beloved husband, and three darling children, to Jesus. She received all in Him. She sleeps in Jesus. C. H. EWER.

Bristol, N. H.

Died, in Chichester, N. H., MINERVA D., wife of Rev. George Beebe.

Sister Beebe was born in Guilford, N. H., in 1836, and was married in Brooklyn, N. Y., in 1853. With her husband she spent fourteen years of service in missionary work upon the Isle of Shoals, under the patronage of the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel. At the session of the N. H. Conference of 1869, her husband, who had become a member of that body, was appointed to Chichester, where they were laboring at her decease. She was possessed of rare loveliness of character, combined with those qualities which eminently fitted her for her life-work. She knew what it was to "endure hardness," devoting herself, as she did, for so many years to the intellectual and moral elevation of the fishermen on that isle of the sea, when all her moral and emotional nature was craving the society of the cultured and refined, among whom she could have moved with grace.

During the two years of their itinerant life, she traveled with her husband on an average nearly one hundred miles a week, assisting him in pastoral labors. By her kind words, her sweet and chastened Christian spirit and fervent piety, she endeared herself to all who knew her. She was always religiously inclined, but could never fix upon the exact time of her conversion. She maintained her integrity, and in her last hours, when too far gone to speak, by visible signs assured her weeping friends of the presence of Christ.

Rarely, if ever, has the writer witnessed such deep feeling as was evinced at her funeral service. It spoke her worth; it attested the estimate of her character. Her life was an example; her death an unanswerable argument. May God sustain her deeply bereaved husband and motherless children. S. G. K.

Tilton, April 4, 1871.

MARY CHASE, widow of Abner Chase, died in Lempster, N. H., March 11, 1871, aged 83 years.

From an old age of remarkable vigor, and in the full possession of her faculties, she was suddenly called, by a paralytic stroke, to her heavenly home. For a week she lingered, speechless, but conscious till nearly the last, and then peacefully died. Fifty years ago, when Wilbur Fisk was Presiding Elder, and Abraham D. Merrill preacher in charge on Lempster Circuit, she became a member of the Methodist Church. Her Christian life covers an eventful period in the history of New England Methodism, reaching from the days when her choice cost her home, to the time of denominational honor and power. She cared little, however, for the varying estimates of the world, but, among congenial associations, strove for vital godliness and Christian simplicity. Her Christian experience was not greatly demonstrative, yet fearless in duty-doing, and full of quiet energy. She had a quick decision, a strong will, a clear good sense, and a keen conscience; and these, under the control of a lively faith, gave her a Christian character positive and confident, and in its outgoings of benevolence and charity, full of blessing to all around her. In her sphere of labor and duty she was a moving power, noiseless but mighty. Her last earthly signature was for the missionary cause; her last earthly work was a visit of comfort and sympathy to an aged neighbor. From dispensing the cups of blessing to others, God took her to her everlasting reward. Who can tell the blank she has left in her early home, and in the hearts of her children? Yet they rejoice in her deliverance. There remains with them, and will always remain, the fragrance of a Christian example, and of Christian teaching more precious than the alabaster-box of ointment, and as enduring as life and memory. "She is not dead but sleepeth." C. H. S.

NANCY MUDGET, of Gilmanton, died March 17, 1871, aged 73 years.

She was for many years a close follower of Christ, and was much loved and respected by the Church, and all who knew her. She was called to mourn the loss of a devout, pious, and affectionate husband in early life, and a few years after, the loss of a promising Christian son; but under these heavy strokes of Providence she manifested perfect submission, saying, in her heart, "The cup which my Father has given me, shall I not drink it?" The last year of her life was one of great suffering, but, amid it all, she was happy in the Rock of her salvation. She died giving glory unto God, and shouting hallelujahs to the Lamb, who had redeemed her by His blood. "Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord." J. T. DAVIS.



## HERALD CALENDAR.

Union Sunday-school Convention, South Andover, May 20. Rev. E. Eggleston, of New York, and Rev. H. M. Parsons, of Boston, will take part in the exercises. Norwich District Ministerial Association, South Coventry, June 26. Yarmouthport Camp-meeting, Aug. 13, to continue ten days. Vineyard Camp-meeting, Aug. 17. Sterling Camp-meeting, Aug. 21. Hamilton Camp-meeting, Aug. 22, to be held 8 days. Camp-meeting at Willimantic, Aug. 28.

## POST-OFFICE ADDRESSES.

Rev. N. H. Martin, Amherst, Mass.  
Rev. N. C. Oliver, Bristol, N. H.  
Rev. J. C. Perry, Hiram, Me.  
Rev. T. J. True, North Andover, Me.  
Rev. T. Snowden Thomas, Mechanic's Grove, Lancaster Co., Pa.

Public Speakers and Singers will find *Brown's Bronchial Troches* beneficial in clearing the voice before speaking or singing, and relieving the throat after any unusual exertion of the vocal organs, having a peculiar adaptation to affections which disturb the organs of speech. For Coughs and Colds the *Troches* are effectual.

Burnett's Cocaine is the best Hair-dressing.

Burnett's Cooking Extracts are the best.

Jan. 26, 2d ed.

## Money Letters Received to May 6.

E. D. Bean, Joel Button, H. H. Birkins, W. W. Bowen, James W. Beach, Josiah Bean, G. B. Bent; A. C. Eggleston; Porter Gibbs; H. B. Hibdon, J. Haslehurst; J. C. Hoyt; A. L. Kendall, S. Kellogg; J. Lovejoy; R. F. May; J. A. Moreton, John Mitchell; J. Paulson, John Parker; H. B. Sayer, C. E. Seaver, J. Shaw, W. C. Stevens, H. P. Satchwell; T. B. Treadwell, J. J. Teasdale; Chas. Young.

## Money Letters Received from May 6 to May 13.

S. Austin, D. Atkinson; J. H. Cooley, S. F. Cushman, E. L. Clark, R. B. Curtis, A. J. Church; C. E. Dorr, L. E. Dunham; J. Eaton; E. Gerry; H. Haseltine; G. P. Johnson; W. V. Morrison, M. M. Mitchell, H. S. Mills; J. W. McIntire; G. C. Noyes; N. Y. Olin; M. Patten, L. W. Prescott; G. W. Quereau; A. R. Sylvester, H. L. Stark, L. D. Strout; A. D. Tufa, Geo. Taylor, J. Thurston; R. H. Wilder, H. S. White.

## Methodist Book Depository.

## Money Letters Received from April 29 to May 6.

C. J. Ames, O. W. Adams, W. H. Allen, S. Amison, D. G. Ashley, S. Allen; B. P. Bridges, O. S. Blood, W. B. Blackmer, N. Ball, M. C. Beale, A. Boothby; W. B. Creamer, J. B. Church, G. E. Chapman, W. H. Cook, A. Church; D. W. Day, T. W. Douglas, D. S. Dexter; L. W. Eaton, W. Ellis; H. E. Fullington; H. B. Graves, N. Goodrich, N. D. George; J. E. Hawkins, C. Hammond, D. C. House, J. F. Hewlett, Thos. Hovey, J. L. Hartford, A. Howard, J. Hooper, W. J. Hamilton; P. Kinslen; G. E. Lee; C. S. McAllister, C. S. Morse, B. T. Munroe, P. C. Macomber, G. W. Mansfield, C. A. Morgan, E. B. Maddocks, W. H. Mason; J. W. Newton, L. W. Ormsbee; I. Pierce, W. D. Palmer, E. Pratt, L. B. Pettigill; A. Reynolds; E. G. Stetson, C. W. Snow, C. F. Stone, J. E. Starbuck, R. C. Smith; T. B. Tupper, A. B. Trux, W. A. Tilton, H. S. Towne; A. H. Varney; D. T. Ware, F. B. Warfield, B. Wing.

## Money Letters Received from May 6 to May 13.

S. Austin, H. E. Abbey, D. Allison; A. O. Blake, J. T. Benton, A. H. Bennett, E. C. Bass, M. R. Barney, G. A. Bowley, M. J. Brewer, F. Brooks, A. W. Browne, S. Battey, H. Bassett, E. Benton; C. H. Cole, I. C. Clarke, H. Cooke, W. H. Cook, N. Chamberlain, J. M. Clarke, J. W. Cole, J. Cummings; L. Dismore, L. E. Dunham; R. B. Emmons, W. W. Ellis; C. H. Farnsworth, E. S. Fletcher; S. A. Gould, Chas. Griffin; W. Hayden, Geo. F. Houghton, D. C. House, W. L. Hitchcock; A. J. Kenyon, A. Kidder; J. W. Lovett, E. L. Latham; Geo. S. Macomber, 2 N. H. Martin, W. T. Miller, Daniel Merrill; C. Oliver; J. J. Perry, S. M. Pratt, Moses Patten, L. L. Pollard; Lizzie Sincok, B. L. Sayer, C. F. Stone, E. A. Stebbins, C. E. Seaver; E. F. Tappleton, L. J. Tebbetta; 2 A. G. H. Wood, F. B. Wardfield, C. E. Walker, S. W. Wilkinson, J. W. Work. J. P. MAJOR, Agent, 28 Broomfield St., Boston.

## The Markets.

## BRIGHTON CATTLE MARKET.

Weekly receipt of Cattle, Sheep, and Swine.

Cattle, 2,290; Sheep and Lambs, 7,000; Swine, 5,500; number of Western Cattle, 1,100; Eastern Cattle, 1,190; Working Oxen and Northern Cattle, 150. Cattle left over from last week. PRICES: Beef Cattle—Extra, \$11.25 @ \$11.50; first quality, \$10.75 @ \$11.00; second quality, \$10.50 @ \$10.75; third quality, \$10.25 @ \$10.50; poorest grades, \$7.50 @ \$10.00 @ 100 pounds (the total weight of Hides, Tallow, and dressed Beef). Many of the Cattle are sold by the pound, live weight. Brighton Hides—7½¢ @ c. per lb. Brighton Tallow—6¢ @ c. per lb. Country Skins—c. @ c. each. Hides—7¢ @ c. per lb. for country. Tallow—5¢ @ c. per lb. for country. Lamb Skins—50 cents each. Sheep Skins—\$1.75 to \$2.50 each. Calf Skins—16¢ @ 18¢ per lb. Sheared Sheep Skins—25¢ each. Wool Skins—\$1.75 @ \$2.50 per skin. Working Oxen. Extra, \$22.50 @ \$25; ordinary, \$14 @ \$20. The demand for Working Oxen has not been very active, and a few pairs are all that the market requires each week. Milch Cows. Extra, \$35 @ \$40; ordinary, \$25 @ \$35; Store Cows, \$25 @ \$35. Prices for Milch Cows depend much upon the fancy of the purchaser. Sheep and Lambs. Extra and select lots, \$4.50 @ \$5.00 @ head; ordinary, \$2.50 @ \$4.50 per head, or from 5¢ to 9 cents per pound. Nearly all the Western Sheep were taken at a commission. Swine. Store Pigs, wholesale, 8 @ 10¢ cents per pound; retail, 9 @ 12¢ cents per pound. Columbia County Pigs, 7¢ @ 8¢ cents per pound. Canada Pigs—wholesale 8¢ @ 9¢ cents per pound; retail, 9¢ @ 10¢ cents per pound. Fat Hogs—33¢ @ 34¢ at Market. Prices 5¢ @ 8¢. A few Store Pigs in Market.

REMARKS.—The trade this week has been quick, and the supply of Beeves large—nearly all Western Cattle. Prices have fallen off from one quarter to one half a cent per pound from our last quotations. There were a few Northern or Eastern Cattle in Market. The quality of the Western beeves was better than that of

last week. There were but a few Cattle in Market this week sold for more than 11¼ cents per pound.

## Church Register.

## QUARTERLY MEETINGS.

HEADFIELD DISTRICT—FIRST QUARTER.  
May—Farmington, 13, 14; Phillips, 20, 21; Wilton, 27, 28. At Mt. East Wilton, 28, 29. Quarterly Conference, Monday evening, Wed. 20, 21, and eve. (Remainder next week.) J. COLBY.  
Gorham, May 10.

WILLIMANTIC CAMP-MEETING—NOTICE.—The Committee on the Willimantic Camp-meeting will please meet at Willimantic, June 12, at 10 o'clock A. M. By request.  
Danielsonville, May 12. GEO. W. BREWSTER.

FALL RIVER DISTRICT CONFERENCE.—The Fall River District Conference will meet in East Weymouth on Monday evening, June 5, and close on Wednesday. All the ministers in the District, traveling and local, are expected to be present. We extend a cordial invitation to brethren from other Districts to meet with us.  
Warren, R. I., May 10, 1871. S. C. BROWN.

STEWARDS' MEETING, WORCESTER DISTRICT.—The District Stewards are invited to meet at the Trinity Church, in Worcester, at 10 o'clock A. M., Monday, the 29th of May, and not Tuesday, as published last week. Preachers will please direct attention to this notice.  
L. CROWELL.  
May 10.

EAST MAINE CONFERENCE.—The Class in the First Year's Studies are requested to meet the Committee at the Methodist Church at Dexter, on Tuesday, the 30th of May, at 10 o'clock A. M. M. D. MATHEWS.  
Lincoln, May 8, 1871.

EAST MAINE CONFERENCE.—Candidates for Local Elder's Orders will please meet their Committee for examination in the Methodist Episcopal Church, Dexter, May 30, at 10 A. M.  
G. G. WINSLOW, } Committee.  
H. F. BLOOD, }

EAST MAINE CONFERENCE.—The Class to be examined in the Fourth Year's Course of Studies will meet the Committee at the Methodist Church at Dexter, on Tuesday, May 30, at 10 o'clock A. M. Winterport, May 11, 1871. A. CHURCH.

TRUSTEES OF THE EAST MAINE CONFERENCE will hold their Annual Meeting at the Methodist Church in Dexter, on Wednesday, May 31, at 1 o'clock P. M. A. CHURCH, Secretary.  
Winterport, May 11, 1871.

The Class of the East Maine Conference to be examined in the Third Year's Course of Study, will please meet the Committee in the Methodist Episcopal Church, at Dexter, at 9 o'clock A. M. CHAS. A. FLUMER, Chairman of Com.

EAST MAINE CONFERENCE.—The candidates for admission on trial in the East Maine Conference will please meet the Committee at the Methodist Church at Dexter, May 30, at 2 o'clock P. M. O. E. WILSON.

THE CLAREMONT DISTRICT MINISTERIAL ASSOCIATION will meet at Keene, N. H., on Tuesday evening, June 6, and continue Wednesday and Thursday.

SERMONS: Tuesday evening, H. Dorr; Wednesday evening, J. W. Adams; Thursday evening, S. Beedle. ESSAYS: "Fullness of Joy," L. Draper; "Silence of Scripture," L. Taggart; "New Heavens and New Earth," S. Beedle; "Continuity of Future Punishment," H. Dorr; "Free Religion," C. E. Rogers; "Should the Scripture Rule Relating to Marriage and Divorce be Made a Test of Church Membership?" N. Fisk; "Pentecostal Blessings, Perseverance and Condition of," Geo. F. Eaton; "Penalty of Sin Pronounced Against our First Parents," J. W. Adams. EXORDIUM: Matt. ix. 13. L. Kelsey; Matt. xii. 31, 32. A. L. Kendall; Rom. ix. 18. A. K. Howard; Phil. iii. 12, 13. J. Fawcett; 1 Cor. xv. 44. D. S. Dexter; 1 Pet. iii. 18-21. J. H. Hillman; Gen. iii. 22, 23. G. A. Tyrrell. Brethren in the ministry not mentioned in the above programme are invited to attend. E. R. WILKINS.  
Keene, N. H., May 4, 1871.

MINISTERIAL ASSOCIATION OF THE ST. ALBANS DISTRICT.—This Association will meet at Milton, June 13, 1871.

PROGRAMME—PUBLIC RELIGIOUS EXERCISES.—Preaching, Tuesday evening, at 7½ o'clock, by Rev. S. D. Elkins; Alternate, Rev. H. W. Farnsworth.

Prayer-meeting for Entire Sanctification, Wednesday, at 8 o'clock A. M., continuing one hour and a half, and conducted by Rev. A. L. Cooper.

Preaching, Wednesday evening, by Rev. W. B. Puffer; Alternate, Rev. H. H. Bennett.

Love-feast and Praise Meeting, Thursday, at 8 o'clock A. M., to continue one hour, and to be conducted by Rev. W. H. Hyde.

ESSAYS: "True Method of Church Revenue," E. C. Bass; "Remarks on Naville's 'Problem of Evil,'" P. F. Ray; "Relation of Church to Temperance Cause," W. H. Hyde; "On Ordination of Bishops," L. C. Dickinson; "On Mission Conferences becoming Independent Ecclesiastical Organizations," A. L. Cooper; "On Number and Location of Bishops," P. F. Ray; "On Present Doctrine and Aim of Spiritualism," O. M. Boutwell; "On the Sabbath," J. Lawrence.

Discussion will follow the presentation of each topic. Every preacher on the District is requested to come prepared, with freshest essay or sketch, to answer to the call of his name.

W. D. MALCOLM, } Committee.  
P. F. RAY, }  
A. L. COOPER, }

St. Albans, April 24, 1871.

## Marriages.

In this city, April 19, by Rev. W. F. Crafts, George L. Shibley to Mary Fuller, both of Stoneham.

In this city, April 26, by Rev. J. Scott, Robert H. Haslam to Jane Armitage; Thomas Smith to Lorica Weaver, all of Boston.

In East Boston, April 19, at the residence of the bride's father, Howard Olin, Jr., by Rev. F. G. Morris, Frank H. Morrison to Miss Mary W. Otis, both of East Boston.

In Cambridge, April 20, by Rev. W. P. Ray, William S. Otis, of Cambridge, to Miss Emma C., daughter of the late Capt. A. Scammon, of Cambridge.

In Chelsea, April 25, by Rev. Luman Boyden, David W. Stewart to Miss Annie E. F. Seavey, both of Chelsea; April 26, John W. Acres, Jr., to Miss Harriet F. Perry, both of Charlestown.

In Chelsea, April 25, by Rev. George Sutherland, John J. Odwin to Miss Martha L. Miller.

In Gloucester, April 12, by Rev. A. F. Herriek, Howard A. Curtis to Miss Abbie F. Falcifer; April 15, Sylvester Farr to Mrs. Deborah A. Harris, both of Rockport.

In the Memorial Church at Wilbraham, April 19, by Rev. James Mudge, Jr., David Cadie, of Westfield, to Miss Marianna D. Curtis, of Wilbraham.

In Clinton, at the Methodist Church, April 23, by Rev. W. A. Braman, Rev. C. H. Tower, of North Brookfield, to Mary Amelia, daughter of the officiating minister.

In Providence, April 27, by Rev. J. E. C. Sawyer, Walter E. Stanley to Miss Ella J. Edwards, all of Providence.

In East Thompson, Ct., April 23, by Rev. F. D. Goodrich, assisted by Rev. Isaac Sherman, Charles A. Lord, of Boston, Mass., to Hattie E. Davis, of Mason, N. H. A. J. Welch, April 15, at the Methodist Episcopal Church, in Chicago, by Rev. R. M. Hatfield, D. D., Tuesday evening, April 25, S. A. Keon, of the Banking House of Lund, Preston & Keon, to Miss Anna H. Hatfield, daughter of the officiating clergyman, all of Chicago.

## Deaths.

In West Medford, May 14, Rebecca Stinson, aged 36 years.  
In Vassalboro', Me., Howard W., son of Maximilla P. and Edward A. Tarbell, M. D., aged 3 months and 10 days.

In Silver Mountain, Cal., April 16, of consumption Charles A., son of H. H. and A. Ford, aged 29 years.  
In Orford, N. H., Johnnie L., son of Levi C. and Sarah J. Bickford, aged 7 months.

## Business Notices.

## THE BEST WE CAN.

Whatever men may do or say,  
Be this our motto "day by day;  
When for the future we would plan,  
We'll strive to do "the best we can;"  
Teach those of young and tender years,  
If they'd be saved from anxious fears,  
And each would be a useful man,  
Each one should do "the best he can."  
Teach them when they may need new CLOTHES,  
The place to buy is GEORGE FENNO'S,  
Coat, Pants, Vest, Hat and Shoes complete,  
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Mar. 2, 1871.

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May 4, 2d ed.

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REFERENCES.  
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Rev. ROLLIN H. NEALE, 1st Baptist Ch., Boston, Mass.  
Rev. N. G. ALLEN, 3 Rollins St., Boston, Mass.  
May 18, 2d ed.

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